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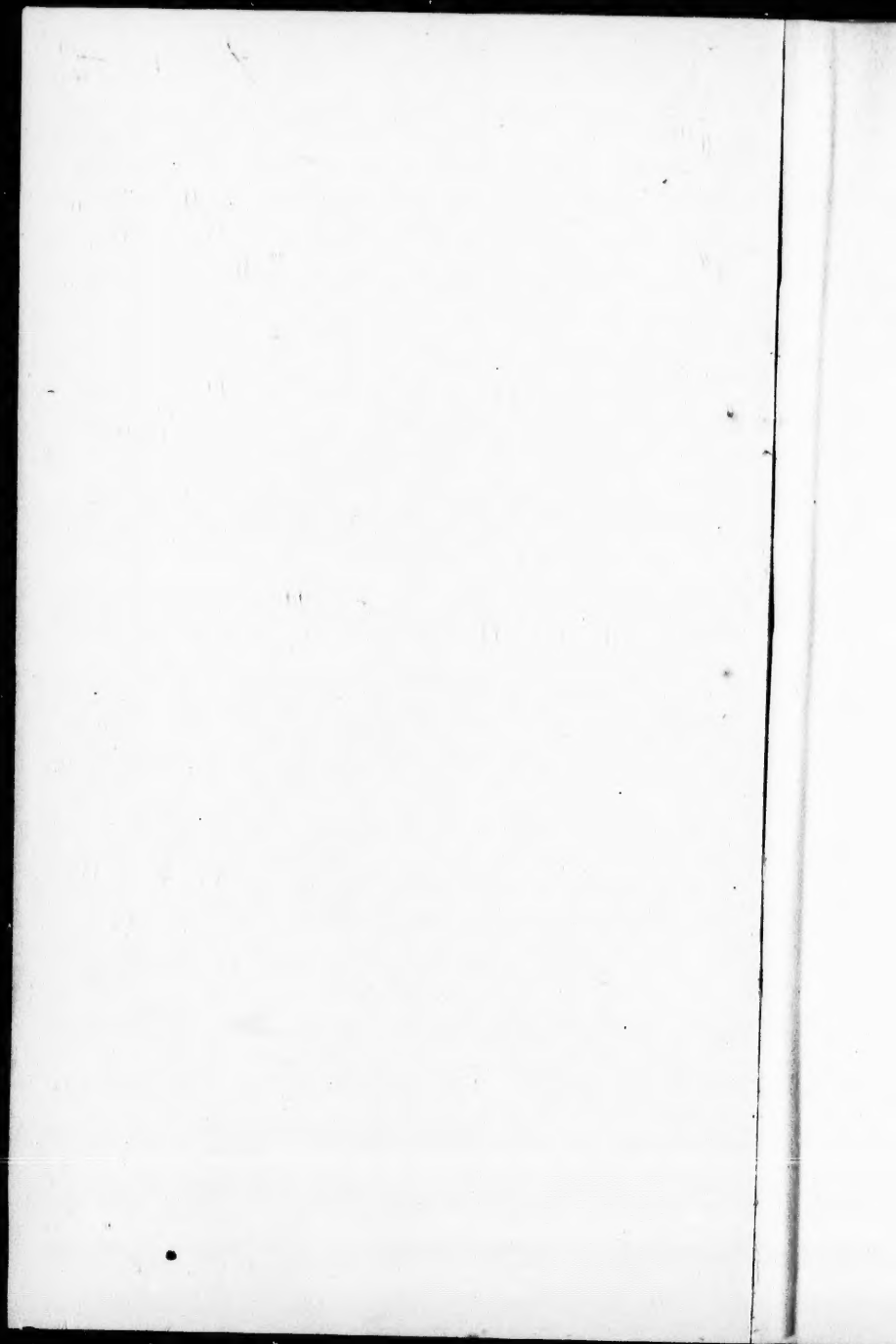
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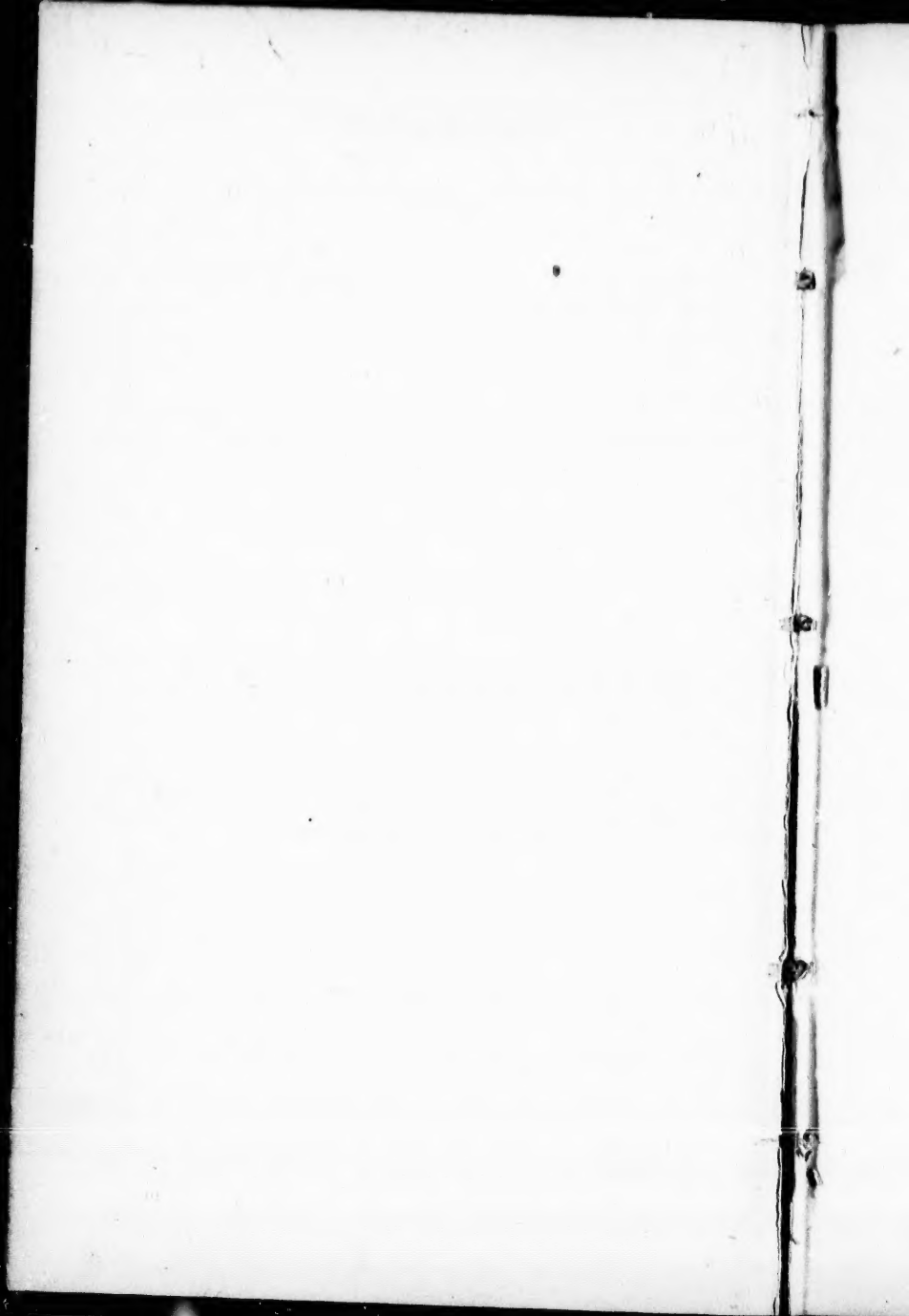
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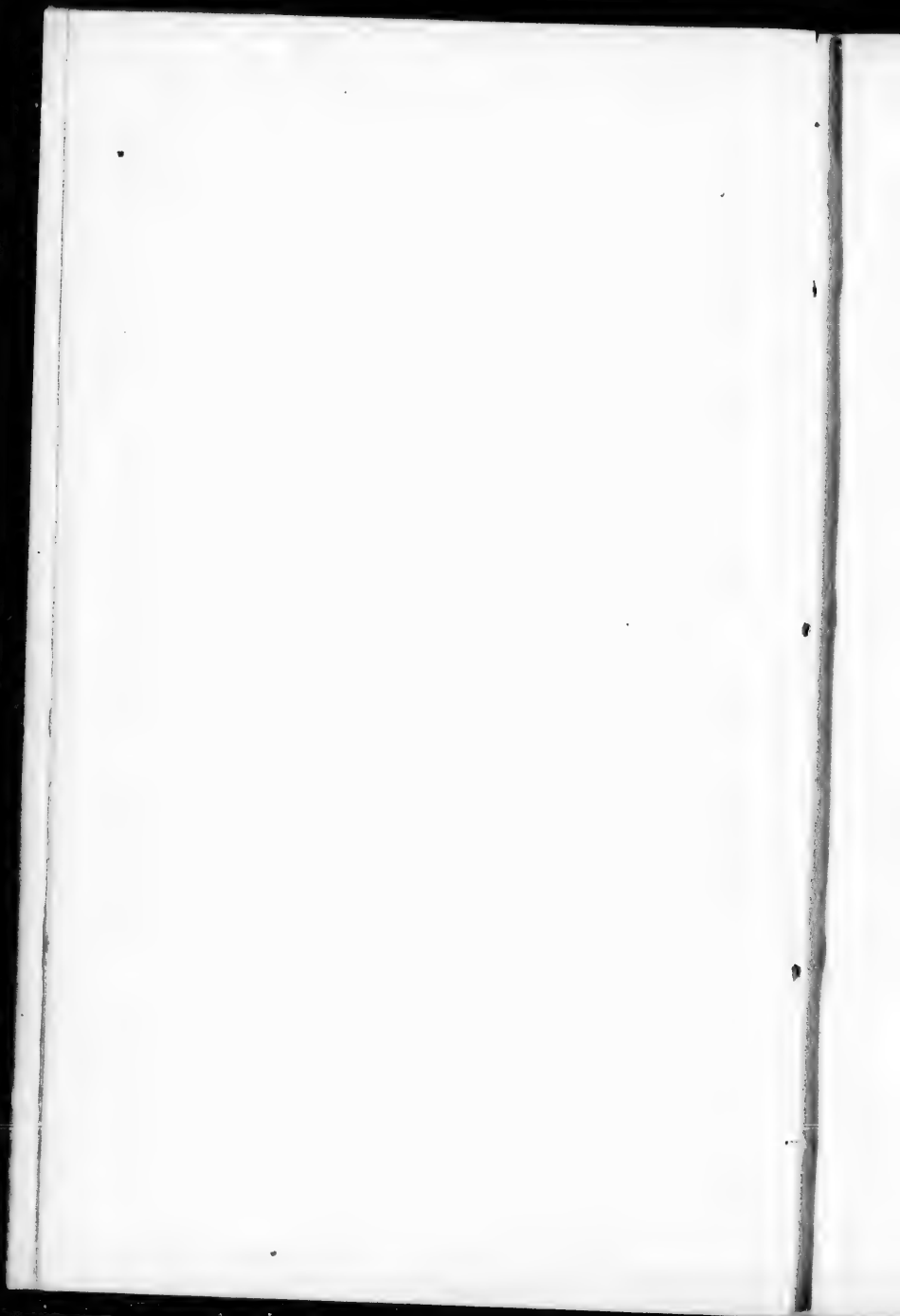
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P.S.—If there be any more Sundays before Advent Sunday, the Psalms of some of those Sundays that were omitted after the Epiphany shall be taken to supply so many as are here wanting.

PSALMS.

PSALM 1.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

PSALM 2.—VER. 7, 8, 10.

C. M.

ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree ;
Thou art my Son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.

Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
Thine shall the heathen be :
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee.

Learn then, ye Princes ; and give ear,
Ye Judges of the earth ;
Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM 4.—VER. 1, 3, 4.

C. M.

O LORD, thou art my righteous judge;
 To my complaint give ear:
 Thou still redeem'st me from distress
 Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

Consider that the righteous man
 Is God's peculiar choice;
 And when to him I make my pray'r,
 He always hears my voice.

Then stand in awe of his commands,
 Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
 Commune in private with your hearts,
 And bend them to his will.

PSALM 5.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 7.

C. M.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r;
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

But when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

PSALM 8.—VER. 1, 3, 4.

C. M.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy Name!

C. M.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light;

What's man, (say I,) that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wond'rous kind?

PSALM 9.—VER. 1, 2, 11.

C. M.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works, declare.

C. M.

The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring;
 Whil'st to thy Name, O thou most high,
 Triumphant praise I sing.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion, his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM 9.—VER. 9, 10, 11.

C. M.

GOD is a constant sure defence
 Against oppressing rage;
 As troubles rise, his needful aids
 In our behalf engage.

C. M.

All those who have his goodness prov'd
 Will in his truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 That on his help relied.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord
 From Sion, his abode ;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM 15.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair ;
 Not stranger-like to visit them,
 But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he who's every thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves ;
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.

PSALM 16.—VER. 8, 9, 11.

C. M.

I STRIVE each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye ;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice ;
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou shalt the paths of life display
 That to thy presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

PSALM 18.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

L. M.

NO change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

C. M.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To Thee I will address my pray'r,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

PSALM 18.—VER. 4, 5, 6, 7.

L. M.

BY floods of wicked men distress'd,
 With seas of sorrow compass'd round;
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
 In death's unwieldy fetters bound:

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 To God address'd my humble moan;
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.

When God arose my part to take,
 The conscious earth was struck with fear;
 The hills did at his presence shake
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

PSALM 19.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.

C. M.

The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings,
 And from the dark returns of night
 Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
 Or region is confin'd;
 Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.

PSALM 22.—VER. 23, 25, 27. C. M.

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
 All you of Israel's line,
 O praise the Lord, and to your praise
 Sincere obedience join.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I
 My cheerful thanks express;
 In presence of thy saints perform
 The vows of my distress.

Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay,
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sov'reign Lord obey.

PSALM 23.—VER. 1, 2, 3. C. M.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The shepherd, by whose constant care
 My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

PSALMS 23, 24.

17

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

PSALM 23.—VER. 1, 3, 4.

C. M.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

PSALM 24.—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

C. M.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory: see, he comes
With his celestial train!

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With all his shining train!

C. M.

C. M.

Who is the King of glory ? who ?
 The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 25.—VER. 1, 2, 11, 14.

S. M.

TO God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice ;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

Since mercy is the grace
 That most exalts thy fame,
 Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
 And so advance thy name.

For God to all his saints
 His secret will imparts,
 And does his gracious cov'nant write
 In their obedient hearts.

PSALM 27.—VER. 7, 8, 9

C. M.

CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
 Whene'er to thee I cry ;
 In mercy my complaints receive,
 Nor my request deny.

When us to seek thy glorious face,
 Thou kindly dost advise,
 " Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
 My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
 Nor me in wrath reject ;
 My God and Saviour, leave not him
 Thou did'st so oft protect.

PSALM 30.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

C. M.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who did'st thy pow'r employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

S. M.

In my distress I cried to thee,
Who kindly did'st relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth
And providential care.

PSALM 33.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

C. M.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

C. M.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet,
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

PSALM 33.—VER. 8, 9, 10, 11

C. M.

LET earth and all that dwell therein
Before him trembling stand;
For when he spake the word 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at his command.

He, when the heathen closely plot,
 Their counsels undermines ;
 His wisdom ineffectual makes
 The people's rash designs.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure ;
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.

PSALM 33.—VER. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. C. M.

'TIS God who those that trust in him
 Beholds with gracious eyes ;
 He frees their soul from death, their want
 In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits,
 Our help and shield is he ;
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we for all we want or wish
 On thee alone depend.

PSALM 34.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his Name;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

PSALM 34.—VER. 7, 8, 9.

C. M.

THE hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love;
 Experience will decide,
 How bless'd are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.

PSALM 34.—VER. 12, 13, 14, 15.

C. M.

LET him who length of life desires,
 And prosp'rous days would see,
 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
 His lips from falsehood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
 And virtue's ways pursue;
 Establish peace where 'tis begun,
 And where 'tis lost renew.

The Lord from heaven beholds the just
 With favourable eyes;
 And when distress'd, his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries.

PSALM 35.—VER. 11, 12, 13.

C. M.

FALSE witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
 Against my truth combin'd;
 And to my charge such things they laid
 As I had ne'er design'd.

The good which I to them had done,
 With evil they repaid;
 And did, by malice undeserv'd,
 My harmless life invade.

But as for me, when they were sick,
 I still in sackcloth mourn'd;
 I prayed and fasted, and my pray'r
 To my own breast return'd.

PSALM 36.—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

L. M.

SINCE of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust!

Such guests shall to thy courts be led
 To banquet on thy love's repast,
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day:
 O let thy saints thy favour gain;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM 40.—VER. 5, 6, 7, 8.

L. M.

WHO can the wond'rous works recount,
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
 The treasures of thy love surmount
 The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

C. M.

I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
 For man's transgression to atone.

I, therefore come—come to fulfil
 The oracles thy books impart :
 'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
 Thy law is written in my heart.

PSALM 41.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distrest :
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.

L. M.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong,
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.

If he, in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie,
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

PSALM 42.—VER. 1, 2, 5.

C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine !

L. M.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

PSALM 42.—VER. 9, 10, 11.

C. M.

GOD of my strength, how long shall I,
 Like one forgotten, mourn?
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 To my oppressor's scorn?

My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword
 Whilst thus my foes upbraid:
 Vain boaster, where is now thy God
 And where his promis'd aid?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 47.—VER. 5, 6, 7, 8.

L. M.

GOD is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown
 For him who all the world commands,
 Who sits upon his righteous throne
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM 51.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

S. M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind;
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

C. M.

Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

PSALM 51.—VER. 11, 12, 13.

S. M.

WITHDRAW not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

L. M.

The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

PSALM 51.—VER. 15, 16, 17.

S. M.

DO thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame ;
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
To all the world proclaim.

S. M.

Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die ;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

B

A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

PSALM 57.—VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

L. M.

AWAKE my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM 62.—VER. 5, 6, 7, 8.

L. M.

BUT thou, my soul, on God rely ;
On him alone thy trust repose ;
My rock and health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send :
He is my fortress and defence ;
On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts :
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

PSALMS 65, 65, 66.

27

PSALM 65.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

L. M.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to my humble pray'r
Did'st always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

PSALM 65.—VER. 11, 12, 13.

L. M.

THY goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green ;
The hills about in order rang'd
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs ; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM 66.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

C. M.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou !
 To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Through all the earth the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess ;
 And with glad hymns their awful dread
 Of thy great Name express.

*Instead of Psalm 66, the two following sublime Verses
 from Psalm 18, Old Version, may be substituted.*

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heav'ns most high,
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

PSALM 66.—VER. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. C. M.

O ALL ye nations, bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise ;
 Who keeps our soul alive, and still
 Confirms our steadfast ways.

For thou hast tried us, Lord, as fire
 Does try the precious ore ;
 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
 Oppressing burdens bore.

Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
 Through fire and water chase ;
 But yet at last thou brought'st us forth,
 Into a wealthy place.

PSALMS 67, 71, 77.

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PSALM 67.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

S. M.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

PSALM 71.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

C. M.

IN thee I put my steadfast trust ;
Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort ;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free ;
For from my earliest youth till now
My hope has been in thee.

PSALM 77.—VER. 7, 8,* 9, 10.

C. M.

HAS God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favour quite ?
Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endless night ?

Can his long-practis'd love forget
 Its wonted aids to bring?
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
 His mercy's healing spring?

I said, my weakness hints these fears:
 But I'll my fears disband;
 I'll yet remember the Most High,
 And years of his right hand.

PSALM 79.—VER. 8, 9, 13.

C. M.

O THINK not on our former sins,
 But speedily prevent
 The utter ruin of thy saints,
 Almost with sorrow spent.

Thou God of our salvation, help,
 And free our souls from blame;
 So shall our pardon and defence
 Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people and thy flock,
 Shall ever praise thy name;
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
 From age to age proclaim.

PSALM 81.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

TO God, our never-failing strength,
 With loud applauses sing;
 And jointly make a cheerful noise
 To Jacob's awful King.

Compose a hymn of praise and touch
 Your instruments of joy;
 Let psalteries and pleasant harps
 Your grateful skill employ.

Let trumpets at the great new moon
 Their joyful voices raise,
 To celebrate th' appointed time,
 The solemn day of praise.

PSALM 84.—VER. 1, 2, 4.

C. M.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !

PSALM 85.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 10.

C. M.

LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
 The favours we implor'd,
 And faithful Jacob's captive race
 Hast graciously restor'd.

Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
 And all their guilt defac'd ;
 Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
 Nor thy fierce anger last.

For mercy now with truth is join'd ;
 And righteousness with peace,
 Like kind companions absent long,
 With friendly arms embrace.

PSALM 86.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

C. M.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore ;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

PSALM 86.—VER. 11, 12, 13.

C. M.

TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart ;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord my God ;
Praise thee with heart sincere ;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

PSALM 89.—VER. 1, 2, 5.

L. M.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell ;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last :
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

PSALM 90.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

PSALM 90.—VER. 13, 14, 16.

C. M.

O TO thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent !
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

To satisfy and cheer our souls
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.

PSALM 92.—VER. 1, 2, 4.

C. M.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify !

With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat !

For through thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad
And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM 92.—VER. 1, 3, 4.

C. M.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify !

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

For through thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM 93.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains ;

How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

PSALM 94.—VER. 12, 13, 14.

C. M.

BLEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress ;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his saints,
His favour wholly take ;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

PSALM 94.—VER. 20, 21, 22.

C. M.

WILT thou, who art a God most just,
Their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain ?

Against the lives of righteous men
They form their close design ;
And blood of innocents to spill
In solemn league combine.

But my defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord most high ;
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

PSALM 95.—VER. 1, 2, 6.

L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM 96.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, 12, 13. P. M.

SING to the Lord a new-made song ;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore.
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
Its loud applause the ocean roar :
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate ;
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.
From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM 97.—VER. 1, 2, 12.

L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And, fix'd by his pavilion, wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord :
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongue confess.

PSALM 97.—VER. 10, 11, 12.

L. M.

YOU, who to serve the Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem ;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,
 A future harvest for the just ;
 And gladness for the heart that's right,
 To recompense its pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord :
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 98.—VER. 1, 2, 4.

C. M.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wond'rous things has done ;
 With his right hand and holy arm,
 The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathen's sight.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants,
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM 100.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.

PSALM 102.—VER. 25, 26, 27.

C. M.

THE strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid ;
 Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With wond'rous skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
 They soon shall pass away ;
 And, like a garment often worn,
 Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
 To thy command they bend ;
 But thou continu'st still the same,
 Nor have thy years an end.

PSALM 103. VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

L. M.

THE Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 And loves his punishments to guide
 More by his love than our desert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay.

PSALM 103.—VER. 19, 20, 21, 22.

L. M.

THE Lord, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne :
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will,
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM 104.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

L. M.

BLESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord alone,
 Possessest empire without bounds ;
 With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
 And glory for a garment take ;
 Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
 Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
 His palace-chambers in the skies ;
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

PSALM 105.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;
 Invoke his sacred Name ;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds ;
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

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PSALMS 106, 107.

41

Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns ;
His wond'rous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

PSALM 106.—VER. 1, 2, 4.

L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM 107.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

L. M.

TO God your grateful voices raise
Who does your daily patron prove ;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

Let those give thanks whom he from bands
Of proud oppressing foes releas'd ;
And brought them back from distant lands,
From north and south and west and east.

Through lonely desert ways they went,
Nor could a peopled city find ;
Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting soul within them pin'd.

PSALM 108.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell.

PSALM 111.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord : our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

PSALM 112.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

L. M.

HALLELUJAH.

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night :
To pity the distress'd, inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

PSALM 113.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

P. M.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

God through the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM 115.—VER. 1, 11, 14, 15. C. M.

LORD, not to us; we claim no share;
But to thy sacred Name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake
And truth's eternal fame.

Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring:
Thrice happy you who fav'rites are
Of this Almighty King!

PSALM 116.—VER. 5, 6, 8, 9. C. M.

HOW just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd,
And dried mine eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his Name,
And in his service, spend.

PSALM 118.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

11, 14, 15. C. M.

hare;

PSALMS 119, 119.

45

Their sense of his eternal love,
 Let Aaron's house express ;
 And that it never fails, let all
 That fear the Lord confess.

For better 'tis to trust in God,
 And have the Lord our friend,
 Than on the greatest human pow'r
 For safety to depend.

PSALM 119.—VER. 5, 6, 7.

C. M.

O THEN that thy most holy will
 Might o'er my ways preside,
 And I the course of all my life
 By thy direction guide !

Then with assurance should I walk,
 From all confusion free ;
 Convinced with joy, that all my ways
 With thy commands agree.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth
 With cheerful praises fill ;
 When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
 I shall have learnt thy will.

PSALM 119.—VER. 17, 18, 19.

C. M.

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord ;
 Do thou my life defend ;
 That I, according to thy word,
 My future time may spend.

Enlighten both mine eyes and mind,
 That so I may discern
 The wondrous things which they behold
 Who thy just precepts learn.

Though like a stranger in the land
 From place to place I stray,
 Thy righteous judgments from my sight
 Remove not thou away.

PSALM 119.—VER. 89, 90, 91.

C. M.

FOR ever, and for ever, Lord,
 Unchang'd thou dost remain ;
 Thy word, establish'd in the heav'ns,
 Does all their orbs sustain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
 Immovable shall stand ;
 As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
 By thine almighty hand.

All things the course by thee ordain'd
 E'en to this day fulfil :
 They are thy faithful subjects all,
 And servants of thy will.

PSALM 119.—VER. 132, 133, 134.

C. M.

WITH favour, Lord, look down on me,
 Who thy relief implore ;
 As thou art wont to visit those
 Who thy blest Name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word
 Let all my footsteps be ;
 Nor wickedness of any kind
 Dominion have o'er me.

Release, entirely set me free,
 From persecuting hands ;
 That, unmolested, I may learn
 And practise thy commands.

PSALMS 119, 122, 125.

47

PSALM 119.—VER. 169, 170, 171.

C. M.

TO my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to thy word.

Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways,

PSALM 122.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

C. M.

O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd
Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and pray'r.

PSALM 125.—VER. 1, 2, 4.

C. M.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immovably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
 Jerusalem enclose ;
 So stands the Lord around his saints
 To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
 Who righteous deeds affect :
 The heart that innocence retains
 Let innocence protect.

PSALM 130.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

S. M.

FROM lowest depths of woe
 To God I sent my cry ;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear ?
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord ;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.

PSALM 133.—VER. 1, 2, 3.

C. M.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
 How great their pleasure prove,
 Who live like brethren, and consent
 In offices of love !

True love is like that precious oil,
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
 Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Herman's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

PSALM 135.—VER. 1, 2, 3. (C. M.)

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his utmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

For this our truest int'rest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his Name,
A most delightful thing.

PSALM 136.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 25, 26. (P. M.)

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM 139.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. (L. M.)

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

PSALM 145.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. (C. M.)

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

PSALMS 145, 146.

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Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

PSALM 145.—VER. 8, 9, 10, 11. (C. M.)

THE Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works exprest :
These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy servants blest.

They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.

PSALM 146.—VER. 6, 7, 8. (C. M.)

THE Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

The poor opprest from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

PSALM 148.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. (P. M.)

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above;
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came.
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

PSALM 149.—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. (P. M.)

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great Name
 Extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp
 His praises express:
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

PSALM 150.—VER. 1, 5, 6.

(L. M.)

O PRAISE the Lord, in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
 To cymbals set their songs of praise;
 Cymbals of common use, and those
 That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford
 In just returns of praise employ:
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.



H Y M N S,

INTENDED, PRINCIPALLY, AS

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PSALMS

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AS CONTAINED IN

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

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~~~~~  
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H Y M N S .

I. ADVENT.

HYMN 1.

(8. 7.)

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

- 1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free !
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art ;
Long desir'd of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 2.

(C. M.)

CHRIST A COMPLETE SAVIOUR.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! The Saviour comes !
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from darkest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name !

HYMN 3.

(C. M.)

"The day-spring from on high hath visited us."

Luke i, 78.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love !
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

- 6 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold :—
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 4.

(L. M.)

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake !
The hills their fixed seat forsake :
And with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came ;
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm ;
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride ?
Oh, God ! is this the crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
" Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, " The Lord is come !

HYMN 5.

(S. M.)

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING TO JUDGMENT.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace ;
His wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 6.

(C. M.)

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh, how shall I appear !
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;—
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless woe prevent.

- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure ;
 Who knows thine only Son has died
 To make that pardon sure !

HYMN 7.

(8. 7. 4.)

THE LAST DAY.

- 1 LO, He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train !
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes ; and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 They who set at nought, and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree.
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne.
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! - come, Lord, come !

(C. M.)

HYMN 8.

(7's.)

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
 Enter ere it be too late ;
 Many ask to enter there,
 When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
 And for ever bar the skies :
 Then though sinners cry without,
 He will say, " I know you not."

- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim ;
 " Lord we have profess'd thy name ;
 " We have eat with thee, and heard
 " Heav'nly teaching in thy word."
 4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,
 Workers of iniquity ;
 Sad their everlasting lot ;
 Christ will say, " I know you not."

HYMN 9.

(P. M.)

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding.
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence shed's eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.
 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing.
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepar'd to meet Him.
 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 Beneath His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

HYMN 10.

(8. 7. 4.)

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 DAY of Judgment! day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Rocks the vast creation round.
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

(P. M.)

- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!

- 3 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
 "See the kingdom I bestow!
 "You for ever
 "Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN 11.

(G. M.)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around,
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 12.

(C. M.)

THE SUFFICIENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

- 1 GREAT God ! with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
 Here my best comfort lies ;
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been,
 And from thy Gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.
- 4 Here would I learn how Christ has died
 To save my soul from hell ;
 Not all the books on earth beside,
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 5 Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight,
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

HYMN 13.

(L. M.)

THE BLESSINGS OF THE NEW COVENANT.

- 1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son
 Makes his eternal counsels known :
 Where love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 3 Here sinners of an humble frame,
 May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
 May read, in characters of blood,
 The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The pris'ner here may break his chains ;
 The weary rest from all his pains ;
 The captive feel his bondage cease ;
 The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
 A brighter world beyond the skies ;
 Here shines the light which guides our way
 From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O ! grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
 To read, and mark, thy holy word ;
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

HYMN 14.

(C. M.)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
 Behold thy servants stand,
 To ask the knowledge of thy word,
 The guidance of thy hand !
- 2 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
 Unfold its hidden store ;
 And teach us, as we read, to feel
 Its value more and more !

- 3 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page;
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost soul engage!
- 4 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart,
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart!

HYMN 15.

(L. M.)

PROPHECY AND INSPIRATION.

- 1 'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 16.

(G. M.)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 1 LADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

HYMN 17.

67

3 Here consecrated water flows,
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows ;
 No danger dwells therein.

4 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

(L. M.)

HYMN 17.

(C. M.)

THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age ;—
 It gives, but borrows none.

(C. M.)

3 My God ! let endless thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heav'nly day !

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 18.

(L. M.)

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

- 1 FATHER of Mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer!
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 O let the word they preach be thine,
And cloth'd with energy divine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 19.

(L. M.)

2 KINGS ii, 14.

- 1 OH! for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

(L. M.)

- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abra'am's breast, and seal'd him thine,
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine !
- 3 That Spirit which, from age to age,
Proclaim'd thy love and taught thy ways,
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays.
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.

HYMN 20.

(C. M.)

MINISTERS WATCH FOR SOULS.

- 1 LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands :
It occupies the Saviour's heart ;
Employs th' angelic bands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego ;—
For souls, which must for ever live,
In happiness or woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

(L. M.)

- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 21.

(L. M.)

MEETING OF MINISTERS.

- 1 POUR out thy spirit from on high ;
 Lord, thine assembled servants bless ;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple where we stand,
 To teach the truth as taught by thee,
 Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
 The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
 Firmness with meekness from above,
 To bear thy people on our hearts
 And love the souls whom thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray and never faint ;
 By day and night strict guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
 In humble hope our charge resign :
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God, may they and we be thine.

HYMN 22.

(L. M.)

THE HERALDS OF CHRIST.

- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
 Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;
 The glorious jubilee proclaim
 Where'er the human race is found.

- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd;
Freely, in love, to others give:
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 23.

(L. M.)

VARIOUS ORDERS OF THE MINISTRY.

- 1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal counties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the Apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long-extended line.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by him their graces live;
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

II. CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 24.

(C. M.)

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete;
Jesus is born to die!

HYMNS 25, 26.

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HYMN 25.

(7s.)

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconcil'd !
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb !
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleas'd, as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus, now Emmanuel !
- 5 Ris'n with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings ;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness,
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !

HYMN 26.

(C. M.)

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHILE angels thus, O LORD, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise !
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng ;
For angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy, from heaven !
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
" The promised child is born !"
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid ;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd ;
- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms
Where now our Saviour reigns,
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

HYMN 27.

(Tth.)

THE NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder He shall bear
Power and Majesty ; and wear
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
Th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at His feet ;
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
From his manger to his throne
Homage due to God alone !

HYMN 28.

(8. 7. 4.)

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth !
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
 Come, and worship ;
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night !
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant-light.
 Come, and worship ;
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;
 Brighter visions learn afar ;
 Seek the great Desire of nations !
 Ye have seen his natal star.
 Come, and worship ;
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you, break your chains !
 Come, and worship ;
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !

HYMN 29.

(C. M.)

JOY OF ANGELS AT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the LORD came down,
 And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 "To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 "Is born, of David's line,
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 "And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
 "To human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 "And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 "And to the earth be peace;
 "Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
 "Begin and never cease."

HYMN 30.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Chorus.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 1 Zion! the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the
skies:

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

III. OLD AND NEW YEAR.

HYMN 31.

(C. M.)

TIME SHORT.—MAN FRAIL.—*Ps.* 90.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

- 4 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

HYMN 32.

(C. M.)

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.—*Luke* xiii : 6. 9.

- 1 SEE, in the vineyard of the LORD,
A barren fig-tree stands ;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.
- 2 From year to year the tree He views,
And still no fruit is found !
Then " Cut it down," the Lord commands,
" Why cumberst it the ground ?"
- 3 But lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads :
" The barren fig-tree spare ;
" Another year in mercy wait ;
" It yet may bloom and bear :
- 4 " But if my culture prove in vain,
" And still no fruit be found,
" I plead no more ; destroy the tree,
" And root it from thy ground."

HYMN 33.

(C. M.)

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

- 1 TIME hastens on ; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high ;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

- 2 As time departs salvation comes ;
 Each moment brings it near :
 Then welcome each declining day,
 Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our transported eyes.

HYMN 34.

(C. M.)

Ps. lxxi.

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thy hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year :
 Behold, my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise ;
 And round me let thy glory shine
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
 Supported still by Thee,
 And leave a savour of thy name
 To those who follow me.

HYMN 35.

(S. M.)

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand,
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines at thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away,
O make thy servants truly wise,
And ready to obey.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued !
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's y^{ou}ng golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

HYMN 36.

(C. M.)

REVIEW OF MERCIES.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!
- 2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

(C. M.)

HYMN 37.

(C. M.)

REFLECTION AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care,
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins ;
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN 38.

(7's. D.)

THE NEW YEAR.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hastened through the former year,
 Many souls their course have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But, how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies,
 Darts and leaves no trace behind :
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise !
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view !
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above !

HYMN 39.

(C. M.)

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

- 1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepar'd to die.

- 2 The world and worldly things below'd
 My anxious thoughts employ'd ;
 And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
 Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
 Chase from my labouring breast ;
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
 That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine !
 And when thy sure decree
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 O speed my soul to Thee.

HYMN 40.

(L. M.)

NEW YEAR.

- 1 THE God of life, whose constant care
 With blessings crowns each opening year,
 My scanty span doth still prolong,
 And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since to this day the changing sun
 Through his last yearly period run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
 " Or through this year, or month, or day,
 " I shall retain this vital breath,
 " Thus far, at least, in league with death ?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God,
 'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode !
 It holds its life from thee alone,
 On earth or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign ;
 Make them and own them still as thine
 So shall they live secure from fear,
 Though death should blast the rising year.

(7's. D.)

(C. M.)

HYMN 41.

(C. M.)

SUPPLICATING DIVINE PROTECTION.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our Fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN 42.

(L. M.)

MORNING.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

(C. M.)

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
O, may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me, while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

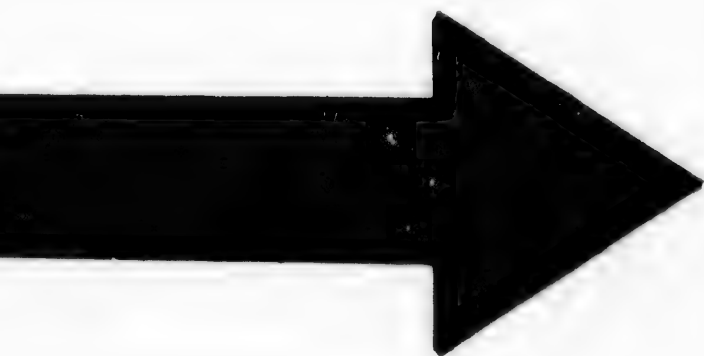
8 Lord I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, &c.

(L. M.)





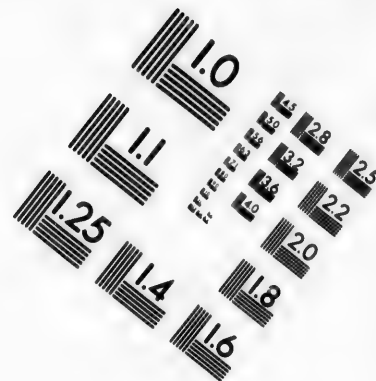
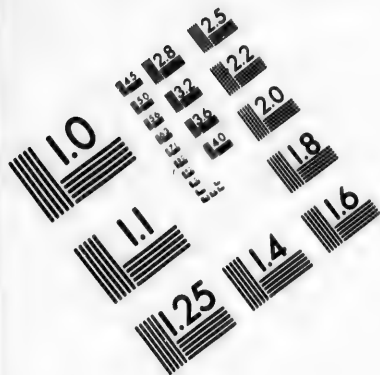
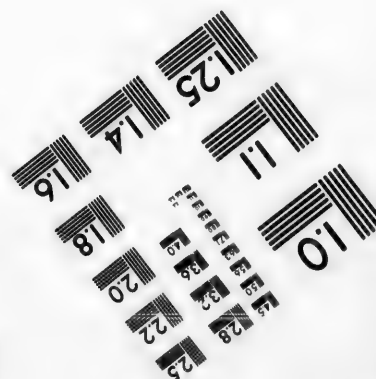
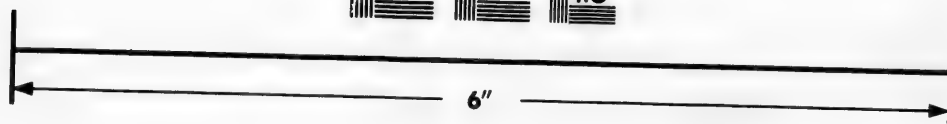
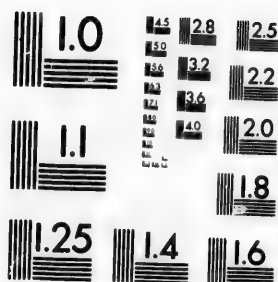


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HYMN 43.

(7's.)

MORNING.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 44.

(L. M.)

MORNING.

- 1 ARISE my soul ! with rapture rise !
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee !
- 3 But can it be ? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze ;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise :

(7's.)

- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
 When I, poor abject mortal, pray ?
 Yes, boundless goodness, he will hear,
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve him all my days,
 And may my zeal with years increase :
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
 And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 45.

(C. M.)

MORNING.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound ;
 Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun ;
 And yet he lengthens out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

(L. M.)

HYMN 46.

(L. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing
Glory to thee, eternal King !
- 7 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.
Praise God, &c.

HYMN 47.

(C. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require :
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts desire.

HYMN 48.

(S. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 THE day is past and gone ;
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 49.

(7's.)

Ps. cxli. 2.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee !
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee :
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

(C. M.)

HYMN 50.

(L. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee mine evening song
With humble gratitude I raise :
O let thy mercy tune my tongue
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord ; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 51.

(L. M.)

MORNING OR EVENING.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

(L. M.)

HYMN 52.

(L. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head,
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
 O may thy presence ne'er depart ;
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

(L. M.)

HYMN 53.

(L. M. 6 LINES.)

DAILY DEPENDENCE.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes mine eyes,
 O Sun of righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine ;
 Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
 And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring ;
 And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name ;—
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
 And be my advocate with God.

- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end
Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain tranfixes every part ;
Or languor settles at the heart ;
When on my bed, diseas'd, oppress'd,
I turn and sigh, and long for rest,—
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer,—
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store ;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosp'rous state ;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly bless'd
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And, as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 54.

(L. M.)

DAILY DEPENDENCE.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee ;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs ;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give,
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.



IV. EPIPHANY.

HYMN 55.

(S. M.)

THE HERALDS OF CHRIST.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet their tidings are :
" Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here !"

- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 56.

(7's.)

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 WHO are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star ?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
- 2 Lo ! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd !
Zion wonders at the sight,
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high ;
He will send a large increase,
He will give his people peace.
- 4 Sons of Zion sing aloud !
See her sun without a cloud !
God will make her joy complete,
Zion's sun shall never set.

HYMN 57.

(C. M.)

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.—*Isaiah* ii, 2-5.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
 In latter days shall rise,
 Above the summits of the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow :
 "Up to the mount of God," they'll say,
 "And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements, shall men
 Exchange their swords and spears ;
 Nor shall they study war again
 Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob ! come
 To worship at His shrine ;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy graces shine.

HYMN 58.

(11's and 10's.)

STAR OF THE EAST.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

HYMN 59.

(8's. 7's. D.)

PRIVILEGES OF THE GENTILES.

- 1 HAIL, thou source of every blessing,
 Sov'reign father of mankind!
 Gentiles, now thy grace possessing,
 In thy courts admission find:
 Grateful, Lord, we fall before thee,
 In thy church obtain a place;
 Now by faith behold thy glory,
 Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
- 2 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach thy sacred throne;
 In thy covenant united,
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
 Once reveal'd to heathen sages,
 See the star of mercy shine;
 Myst'ry, hid in former ages,
 Myst'ry great of love divine.

- 3 Hail, thou ever gracious Saviour !
 Gentiles now their offerings bring :
 In thy temple seek thy favour,
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King !
 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to thy praise ;
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

HYMN 60.

(8's. 7's. D.)

ZION, CITY OF GOD.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, ♪
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 To supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint when such a river
 Ever flows his thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All is boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 61.

(L. M.)

EXTENSION OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

HYMN 62.

(7. 6.)

STATE OF THE HEATHEN.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

HYMN 63.

99

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high ;
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 63.

(L. M.)

GATHERING OF THE GENTILES.

1 THE Heathen perish ;—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away !
O Christians ! to their rescue fly ;
Preach Jesus to them, ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live ;
What hath your Saviour done for *you* ?
And what for *Him* will ye not do ?

(L. M.)

(7. 6.)

- 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north ;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

HYMN 64.

(L. M.)

SPIRIT ACCOMPANYING THE WORD.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 65.

(L. M.)

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BLESSINGS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing ;
A kingdom without end ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love.

(L. M.)

(L. M.)

HYMN 67.

(8. 7.)

CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come, and help us, or we die !"
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians, hear their dying cry ;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

HYMN 68.

(L. M.)

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.—*Isaiah* lv. 1.

- 1 HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh !
'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
Mercy and full salvation buy,
The rich, the free, the Gospel grace !
- 2 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus join'd.
- 3 Draw nigh to us, thou God of might !
Then shall our souls draw nigh to thee ;
And, bless'd with thy celestial light,
Shall see thy Gospel full and free.
- 4 The living waters, Lord, impart,
Our soul's refreshment here below :
High may they spring within our heart,
And to eternal ages flow !

HYMN 69.

(L. M.)

"THE KINGDOM COME."—*Luke* xi. 2.

- 1 O LORD, thy Church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits !
When will the promis'd light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates ?

(8. 7.)

2 Extend thy reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world !

3 Do thou, O Lord, our hearts renew,
Our souls with heavenly wisdom bless,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy Gospel with success !

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour ;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

(L. M.)

HYMN 70.

(L. M.)

FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

1 ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !
Put on thy strength ! The nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee !

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
" I am Jehovah, God alone."
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come !
O bring the tribes of Israel home !
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold !

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
Exalt the Saviour's glorious name !
Let every foe before him fall,
Confess'd, ador'd, the Lord of all.

(L. M.)

HYMN 71.

(8. 7.)

EXTENSION OF THE CHURCH.

- 1 OH the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred Herald stands:
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive!
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful!
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning:
 Zion still is well belov'd!
- 3 God, thy God will now restore thee!
 He himself appears thy friend!
 All thy foes shall flee before thee:
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble:
 All thy conflicts now are past:
 For thy shame thou shalt have double;
 Days of peace are come at last:
 All thy warfare
 Ends in everlasting rest.

HYMN 72.

(7. 6.)

FOR THE JEWS.

- 1 OH that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 And build her walls again!

(8. 7.)

HYMNS 73, 74.

105

3 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fether'd heart!

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee!

HYMN 73.

(L. M.)

FOR THE JEWS.

1 DISOWN'D of heaven, by man oppress,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch, again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore!

(7. 6.)

HYMN 74.

(L. M.)

FOR THE JEWS.

1 GREAT God of Abrah'm! hear our prayer;
Let Abrah'm's seed thy mercy share:
Oh may they now at length return,
And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn.

- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold ;
Remember, too, thy promised word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Though outcasts still, estrang'd from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree,
Why should they longer such remain ?
For thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts ;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 O haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One House shall seek, one Prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

HYMN 75.

(L. M.)

FOR THE JEWS.

- 1 HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise ;
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
Thy promised King his sceptre sways,
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood :
In every clime behold a home ;
In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?

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V. L E N T .  
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HYMN 76.

(L. M.)

FOR GUARDIANSHIP AND GUIDANCE.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, nor violence, I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow Thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 77.

(7's.)

LITANY.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness ;
 By thy vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn ;
 By thy cross, thy pangs and cries ;
 By thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy power from death to save,
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restor'd,
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 78.

(L. M.)

PLEADING FOR PARDON.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin ;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

HYMN 79.

(L. M.)

RETURNING TO GOD.

- 1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise,
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 80.

(L. M.)

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

(L. M.)

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 81.

(C. M.)

PENITENTIAL GRATITUDE.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here.
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care ;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God ! thy work fulfil,
And from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own :
- 4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore ;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,
" One pardon'd sinner more !"

HYMN 82.

(L. M.)

REPENTANCE.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

HYMN 83.

111

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

(C. M.)

HYMN 83.

(C. M.)

RETURNING TO CHRIST.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls " Return ;"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O, take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

(L. M.)

- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

HYMN 84.

(L. M. 6 LINES.)

TURNING TO GOD.

- 1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
 Here let me give my wand'rings o'er ;
 No longer trample on thy blood,
 And grieve thy gentleness no more ;
 No more thy ling'ring anger move,
 Or sin against thy light and love !
- 2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
 Now let it all on me be shown—
 On me, the chief of sinners—me,
 Who humbly for thy mercy groan !
 Me to thy father's grace restore,
 Nor let me ever grieve thee more !
- 3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 Of infinite compassions, hear !
 My Saviour and my Prince above,
 Once more in my behalf appear !
 Repentance, faith, and pardon give !
 O let me turn again, and live !

HYMN 85.

(C. M.)

NATURE OF PRAYER.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

HYMN 86.

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3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays !"

6 In Prayer, on earth, the saints are one ;
They're one in word and mind ;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord teach us how to pray !

HYMN 86.

(C. M.)

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

M. 6 LINES.)

r ;

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(C. M.)

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, " Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh ! wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 87.

(L. M.)

THE EXCELLENCY OF PRAYER.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there !
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ;—ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplications sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 88.

(C. M.)

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

(L. M.)

HYMN 89.

(C. M.)

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

(C. M.)

HYMN 90.

(11's and 10's.)

THE MERCY-SEAT.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

HYMN 91.

(L. M.)

LEADINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove
With light and comfort from above :
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 92.

(C. M.)

CHRIST PRECIOUS TO HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy saving name ;
'Tis music to my ear :
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

HYMN 93.

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- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And, fearless, with my rod and staff
Will pass the vale of death.

HYMN 93.

(C. M.)

CHRIST THE PORTION OF HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,—
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His grace and mercy fix my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And, while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my wants supplied.

HYMN 94.

(L. M.)

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 95.

(S. M.)

THE ONLY SACRIFICE FOR SIN.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And their confess my sin.

(L. M.)

HYMNS 96, 97.

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- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 96.

(L. M.)

LOVE INSCRIBED ON THE CROSS.

- 1 WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is Love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels theme in heaven above.

HYMN 97.

(C. M.)

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me !

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
"Receive my soul !" he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine !

HYMN 98.

(8. 7.)

CONTEMPLATION OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'd sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
Till I taste the whole salvation,
Where, unveil'd, thy glories shine.

HYMN 99.

(L. M.)

GETHSEMANE.

- 1 'Tis midnight—and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and, from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that has in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and, from ether plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

HYMN 100.

(L. M.)

"IT IS FINISHED."

- 1 'Tis finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan,
 Shall sins of every kind atone ;
 Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
 By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
 Peace, love, and happiness, again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round ;
 'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

HYMN 101.

(C. M.)

CONTRITION AT THE CROSS.

- 1 MY Saviour hanging on the tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did :
 But now my tears are vain :
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
 In all its blackest hue—
 Such is the mystery of grace—
 It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 102.

(C. M.)

CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze !
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
Why hides the sun its rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize !
The sun as darkest night be black !
Their Maker, Jesus, dies !
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood !
Is this the Infinite ? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God !
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
O save me, whom thou can'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain !

HYMN 103.

(L. M.)

A DYING SAVIOUR.

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Fast flows the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And pours from every bleeding wound
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3 Oh ! can I view this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart, unmov'd, remain
Insensible to love or pain !

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
Thy power to warm this languid heart ;
Till all its thoughts and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 104.

(L. M.)

CRUCIFIXION.

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A loud and oft-repeated cry !
My Saviour ! every mournful word,
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, th' immaculate, the just ;
The congregated hosts of hell
Combined to shake thy filial trust.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine ;
But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break !
Let pealing anthems rend the sky !
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake !
He died, that we might never die !

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye :
If e'er I lose its strong control,
Oh, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

HYMN 105.

(7's.)

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES.

1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no langour know,
 This for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

 VI. EASTER.

HYMN 106.

(7's.)

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the vict'ry won:
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids him rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 107.

(S. M.)

REDEMPTION COMPLETED.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"
 Then is his work perform'd;
 The mighty captive now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
 He lives to die no more;
 He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
 Then hell has lost his prey:
 With him is risen the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
 Attending angels hear;
 Up to the course of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then wake your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord;
 Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN 108.

(C. M.)

Colossians ii. 15.

- 1 THIS day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannahs sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue!

(S. M.)

- 2 Ten thousand voices now shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its beams,
On nations yet unborn.
- 3 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conqu'ring chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
While, broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

HYMN 109.

(L. M.)

"I AM HE THAT LIVETH, AND WAS DEAD."

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears ;
He lives, to wipe away their tears,
He lives, their mansion to prepare ;
He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears ;
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

(C. M.)

HYMN 110.

(C. M.)

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

- 1 SINCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival.

- 2 Not with the heaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more ; death shall on him
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die ;
But that he lives, he lives to God,
For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN III.

(L. M.)

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare :
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again ;
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destin'd place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 112.

(P. M.)

Luke xxiv. 6.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holyday ;
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly king ;
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd
Our salvation have procur'd ;
Now above the sky he's king,
Where the angels ever sing.

HYMN 113.

(C. M.)

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—*Cor. xv. 20.*

- 1 CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb ;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come,
- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive ;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

HYMN 114.

(7's.)

THE RESURRECTION.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
Day of triumph through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise !

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

HYMN 115.

(C. M.)

John xiv. 6.

- 1 THOU art the Way,—to Thee alone,
From sin and death, we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;—
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 116.

(C. M.)

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor.
Was his divine employ.

3 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labour'd for their good.

4 When in the hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
" Thy will, not mine, be done !"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear !
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

(C. M.)

HYMN 117.

(C. M.)

Philippians ii. 5.

1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven ;—

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord ;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord !

3 Jesus ! who in the form of God
Didst equal honor claim,
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame ;—

4 O may that mind in us be form'd,
Which shone so bright in thee :
An humble, meek and lowly mind
From pride and envy free,

(C. M.)

- 6 May we to others stoop, and learn
 To emulate thy love !
 So shall we bear thine image here,
 And share thy throne above.

HYMN 118.

(L. M.)

Matthew v. 47.

- 1 AND do we hope to be with him,
 Who on the cross resign'd his breath ?
 Who died a victim, to redeem
 His people from eternal death ?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
 What do we more than others do ?
 How do we show that we prefer
 The things above, to those below ?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits
 The name and character we bear ?
 And where are seen those heavenly fruits
 That show we are not what we were ?
- 4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
 And call'd the people of the Lord,
 The world to us should seem but loss,
 And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
 May we thy people, Lord, be found ;
 Who seek a city yet to come ;
 And cannot rest on earthly ground.

HYMN 119.

(8's. 7's. D.)

JESUS WORTHY OF ADORATION.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Holy Prophet, Priest, and King !
 Who didst suffer to release us,
 Who didst free salvation bring !
 Hail, thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Who hast borne our sin and shame ;
 By whose merits we find favour,
 Life eternal through thy name.

(L. M.)

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made ;
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All th' angelic hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side ;
 Join, my soul, those heavenly Spirits,
 Bring thy sweetest, noblest lays,
 Join, to sing thy Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

HYMN 120.

(L. M. 6 LINES.)

Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread ;
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

death ?

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(8's. 7's. D.)

N.

HYMN 121.

(L. M.)

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air ;
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer,
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here :
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 122.

(L. M.)

Philippians iii. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
Oh may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

(L. M.)

- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne :
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 123.

(L. M.)

HOLY SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word ; for that must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

(L. M.)

HYMN 124.

(L. M.)

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

- 1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the Gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Flee to the hope the Gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

HYMN 125.

(7's.)

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark! the wond'ring angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Now ye saints lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels on the road,
Hail him th' Incarnate God!
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqu'ror through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth, your noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

HYMNS 126, 127.

137

HYMN 126.

(7's.)

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

- 1 HAIL the day which sees him rise
Glorious to his native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits :
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives ;
Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes :
His prevailing death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height,
May our warm affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

HYMN 127.

(L. M.)

CHRIST DYING, RISING AND REIGNING.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Ye saints, approach ! the anguish view,
Of him who groans beneath your load ;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say " Live for ever, glorious King,
 " Born to redeem, instruct and save !"
 Then ask, " O death where is thy sting !
 " And where thy victory, O grave !"

HYMN 128.

(L. M.)

CHRIST'S ASCENSION AND GLORIFICATION.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 " Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 " Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene :
 He claims those mansions as his right ;
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 " Who is the King of Glory, who ?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

VII. WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 129.

(G. M.)

THE COMFORTER IS COME.

- 1 HE'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let men rejoice below!
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey,
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 130.

(L. M.)

TEACHINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

- 2 To our illumin'd eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals,
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings may we know,
The mysteries of redeeming love ;
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze we stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide our feeble steps to God.

HYMN 131.

(C. M.)

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky !
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within :
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the spirit takes,
And shows them unto men ;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit ! from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love !
Our hearts and tongues inspire !

HYMNS 132, 133.

141

HYMN 132.

(C. M.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1 COME, Holy Ghost ! Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine ;
Till every heart which thou hast made,
Be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart ;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace ;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son from death reviv'd,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN 133.

(C. M.)

HOLY SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE DESIRED.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 And shall we, Lord, for ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 134.

(S. M.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wond'ring view, reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul ;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

HYMN 135.

(7s.)

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our hearts' ungodliness;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray!
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal!
- 4 Other ground-work should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone!
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above!

HYMN 136.

(8. 7. 4.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the cloud of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Raise us sinners
From the power of sin and death!
- 2 Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of Peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Great Distributer of grace!
May we ever
Feel and own thy heavenly sway.

(s. m.)

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- 3 Author of our new creation,
 Bid us all thine influence prove ;
 Make our souls thy habitation,
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love !
 Heavenly Teacher,
 Guide and bless us all our days.

HYMN 137.

(L. M.)

WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 BLEST Spirit, one with God above,
 Thou source of life and holy love,
 O cheer us with thy sacred beams,
 Refresh us with thy plenteous streams !
- 2 Oh may our lips confess thy name,
 Our holy lives thy power proclaim !
 With love divine our hearts inspire,
 And fill us with thy holy fire.
- 3 O Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in one,
 Thy grace devoutly we implore !
 Thy name be prais'd for ever more.

HYMN 138.

(7's.)

INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
 Let thy light around us shine !
 All our guilty fears remove,
 Fill us with thy peace and love !
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give,
 Bid the wounded sinner live ;
 Lead us to the Lamb of God,
 Wash us in his precious blood !
- 3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,
 Comfort every troubled breast ;
 Life and joy, and peace impart,
 Sanctifying every heart !

- ‡ Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way!
Bring us to thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love!

HYMN 139.

(P. M.)

WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthy mind;
Of power to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to Thee, and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies
Most vig'rous when the body dies.
- 2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

HYMN 140.

(L. M.)

Psal'm li. 11.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:
- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
 Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

VIII. TRINITY.

HYMN 141.

(L. M.)

PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son ! incarnate Word !
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
 Mysterious God-head ! Three in One !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN 142.

(L. M.)

INVOCATION OF THE TRINITY.

- 1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
 Bright in thy deeds and in thy name ;
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 Thy glories let the world proclaim !

HYMN 143.

147

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
 To take our load of sins away,
 Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
 Along the realms of upper day !
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
 In streams of light and glory given,
 Thou source of ecstasy and love,
 Thy praises ring through earth and heaven !
- 4 O God triune ! to thee we owe
 Our every thought, our every song ;
 And ever may thy praises flow
 From saint and seraph's burning tongue !

HYMN 143.

(F. M.)

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 We give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comfort's here,
 And all our hopes above :
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son,
 To die for sins
 That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who sav'd us by his blood
 From everlasting woe :
 And now he lives,
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit
 Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise
 And endless worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

(L. M.)

found

(L. M.)

4 Almighty God ! to thee
 Be endless honours done ;
 The sacred Persons three,
 The Godhead only one :
 Where reason fails
 With all her powers,
 There faith prevails,
 And love adores.

HYMN 144.

(C. M.)

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 FATHER of Glory ! to thy name
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
 Who makes thine anger cease ;
 Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given ;
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
 Adore th' eternal God,
 And spread his honours—and their joys,
 Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
 One gen'ral song to raise ;
 Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
 In harmony and praise.

HYMN 145.

(C. M.)

PRAISE TO THE GODHEAD.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace ;
 But our loud songs shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.

HYMN 146.

149

- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to the United Three,
The Undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame—
Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies,
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

(C. M.)

HYMN 146.

(S. M.)

THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

- 1 WHILE all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high ;
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.
- 2 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.
- 3 Incarnate Deity !
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
- 4 Spirit of holiness !
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 5 Eternal, glorious Lord !
Let all the saints above—
Let all the sons of men record
And celebrate thy love.

(C. M.)

HYMN 147.

(7's.)

Psalm xxxiv. 3.

- 1 GREAT the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints together meet ;
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chas'd the mist of sins away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they sing Jehovah's name.

HYMN 148.

(P. M.)

THE TRI-UNE JEHOVAH.

- 1 To God th' eternal Father's praise
Oh, let us choral anthems raise ;
His mercies o'er the earth are spread,
'Tis he supplies our daily bread ;
Oh, let us choral anthems raise
To God th' eternal Father's praise.
- 2 The glories of Emmanuel's name,
The riches of his grace proclaim ;
He made atonement by his blood,
To reconcile our souls to God ;—
The riches of his grace proclaim ;
The glories of Emmanuel's name.

(7's.)

- 3 The Comforter, the Holy Ghost
 Adore, with the celestial host ;
 He sanctifies our sinful hearts,
 And heavenly truth and grace imparts ;
 Adore, with the celestial host,
 The Comforter, the Holy Ghost.
- 4 To Great, Tri-une, Jehovah's praise,
 Oh, let us choral anthems raise ;
 To future ages from the past
 Th' immortal God, the first and last ;
 Oh, let us choral anthems raise
 To Great, Tri-une, Jehovah's praise.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 149.

(C. M.)

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

- 1 LORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys,
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence has shone
 With gentle, smiling rays ;
 O let my lips and life make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 4 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
 O teach me to improve
 Thy gifts with ever grateful heart ;
 And crown them with thy love.

(P. M.)

HYMN 150.

(L. M.)

Psalm c.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 151.

(S. M.)

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays ;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

- 3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days ;
And oft, to God, my soul, ascend,
In grateful songs of praise.

HYMN 152.

(L. M.)

LANGUAGE OF THE HEAVENS.—*Psalm xix.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 153.

(P. M.)

PRAISE FROM ALL CREATURES.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;
 Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
 Ye thunders speak his power :
 Lo ! on the light'nings fiery wing,
 In triumph walks th' eternal King ;
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunder of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
 Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
 Let man, in God's own image made,
 His breath in praise employ ;
 Spread wide his Maker's name around,
 Till heaven shall echo back the sound
 In songs of holy joy.

(P. M.)

HYMN 154.

(C. M.)

THE CREATION.

- 1 GREAT first of beings ! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame !
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obey'd :
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord ! for thy glory shine the whole ;
They all reflect thy light :
For this in course the planet's roll,
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this the sun disperses heat
And beams of cheering day ;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.
- 5 For this the earth its produce yields,
For this the waters flow ;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end—
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 155.

(7's.)

PRAISE FOR THE WORKS OF CREATION.

- 1 HERALDS of creation cry
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high !
Heaven and earth obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night,
Sprang the universe to light :
He commanded ; nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon your anthems raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

HYMN 156.

(C. M.)

THY WAY IS IN THE SEA.—*Psalm lxxvii. 19.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
• His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 157.

(L. M.)

THE SEASONS CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

Psalm lxxv. 11.

- 1 ETERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lip employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 158.

(C. M.)

GOD AS SEEN IN NATURE.

- 1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies !

(C. M.)

vii. 19.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That filled the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
 Where'er I turn mine eye !
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky :
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures that borrow life from thee,
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

HYMN 159.

(C. M.)

GOD THE CREATOR.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings ;
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky,
 How glorious to behold !
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 160.

(7's.)

"My times are in thy hand."—*Psalms* xxxi. 15.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own.

HYMN 161.

(C. M.)

THANKS FOR PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 4 When blest with that transporting view,
 That Jesus died for me,
 For this sweet hope, what praise is due,
 O God of grace, to thee ?
- 5 Now shall my joyful powers unite,
 In more exalted lays,
 Till I shall join the sons of light,
 In everlasting praise.

HYMN 162.

(G. M.)

Genesis viii. 22.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are !
 The rolling seasons as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
 The plants in beauty grew ;
 Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
 The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matur'd the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway :
 Thy hand all nature hails ;
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 163.

(C. M.)

SPIRITUAL AND ETERNAL JOYS.

- 1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
 Shall death itself outbrave ;
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
 I'll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes,
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;
 And endless ages I'll adore
 The glories of thy love.

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 R E D E M P T I O N .

## HYMN 164.

(C. M.)

## NECESSITY OF DIVINE GRACE.

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
 Unconscious of its load !  
 The heart unchang'd can never rise  
 To happiness and God.

(C. M.)

thine,



- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray ;  
Reason debas'd can never find,  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine,  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine ;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN 165.

(L. M.)

*Job ix. 30-33.*

- 1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean,  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spot retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and woe :
- 2 The Spirit, in his power divine,  
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,  
Expose the foulness of its sin,  
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,  
That men to answer him should dare :  
Condemn'd, and into silence aw'd,  
They helpless stand before his bar.

- 4 There, must a Mediator plead,  
 Who, God and man, may both embrace ;  
 With God, for man to intercede,  
 And offer man the purchas'd grace.
- 5 And lo ! the son of God is slain  
 To be this Mediator crown'd :  
 In Him, my soul, be cleans'd from stain,  
 In Him thy righteousness be found !

## HYMN 166.

(C. M.)

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION IN CHRIST.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin, how deep it stains !  
 And Satan binds our captive minds,  
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
 Sounds from the sacred word ;  
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
 And runs to this relief ;  
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
 Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
 Incarnate God, I fly ;  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul  
 From stains of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
 On thy kind arms I fall :  
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
 My Jesus, and my all.

## HYMN 167.

(S. M.)

Job ix. 2-6.

- 1 AH, how shall fallen man  
 Be just before his God !  
 If he contend in righteousness,  
 We sink beneath his rod.

- 2 If he our ways should mark  
 With strict inquiring eyes,  
 Could we for one of thousand faults  
 A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !  
 Who can with thee contend ?  
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife,  
 Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
 Their ancient seats forsake !  
 The trembling earth deserts her place,  
 Her rooted pillars shake !
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
 Contend with such a God ?  
 None, none can meet him, and escape,  
 But through the Saviour's blood.

## HYMN 168.

(C. M.)

*Titus* iii. 4-7.

- 1 MY grateful soul, for ever praise,  
 For ever love his name,  
 Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths  
 Of folly, sin and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust  
 Which in our works we place ;  
 Salvation from a higher source  
 Flows to our fallen race.
- 3 'Tis from the love of God through Christ,  
 That all our hopes begin ;  
 His mercy saved our souls from death,  
 And wash'd us from our sin.
- 4 His spirit, through the Saviour shed,  
 His sacred fire imparts,  
 Removes our dross, and love divine  
 Enkindles in our hearts.

- 5 Thus rais'd from death, we live anew ;  
 And, justifi'd by grace,  
 We hope in glory to appear,  
 And see our Father's face.

## HYMN 169.

(C. M.)

## SALVATION.

- 1 SALVATION ! Oh the joyful sound ;  
 Glad tidings to our ear ;  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! buried once in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But now we rise by grace divine,  
 And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around ;  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
 To thee the praise belongs :  
 Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,  
 Thy name inspire our song.

*Chorus, for the end of each verse.*

Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !  
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

## HYMN 170.

(L. M.)

## PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

- 1 ALL-GLORIOUS God, what hymns of praise  
 Shall our transported voices raise !  
 What ardent love and zeal are due,  
 While heaven stands open to our view !

- 2 Once we were fall'n, and oh how low !  
 Just on the brink of endless woe :  
 When Jesus, from the realms above,  
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,  
 And spread around his heavenly light !  
 By him what wondrous grace is shown  
 To souls improv'rish'd and undone !
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,  
 A bright inheritance as ours ;  
 Where saints in light our coming wait,  
 To share their holy, happy state !

## HYMN 171.

(L. M.)

## PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
 He justly claims a song from thee ;  
 His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;  
 He sav'd me from my lost estate ;  
 His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along ;  
 His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood ;  
 His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
 But though I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

# HYMNS 172, 173.

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- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

## HYMN 172.

(C. M.)

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.—*Rev. v. 11-13.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
 With angels round the throne!  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus!"  
 "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,  
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine;  
 And blessings, more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever thine!"
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

## HYMN 173.

(C. M.)

LOVE OF CHRIST CELEBRATED.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song!  
 O may his love (immortal flame!)  
 Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
 What mortal tongue display!  
 Imagination's utmost stretch  
 In wonder dies away.

- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die!  
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

## HYMN 174.

(8. 7.)

## REDEEMING LOVE.

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing  
Tune my heart to grateful lays;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restor'd, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I'm come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

## HYMNS 175, 176.

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## HYMN 175.

(C. M.)

## SALVATION OF GOD.

- 1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,  
On thee my hope depends,  
Convinc'd that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one gracious word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine;  
The praise of every holy thought  
And righteous word is thine.
- 5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live:  
Our God is *all* in *all*.

(8. 7.)

## HYMN 176.

(C. M.)

## PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues, to sing  
The great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus the name that soothes our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 Jesus subdues the power of sin;  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.



- 4 He speaks; and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

## HYMN 177.

(C. M.)

## CHRIST THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

## HYMN 178.

(L. M.)

## THE CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHAT various lovely characters  
The condescending Saviour bears!  
All human virtues, all divine,  
In him unite, with splendour shine.

2 The Corner-stone on which we build ;  
The Balm by which our souls are heal'd ;  
The Morning-star, whose cheering ray  
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

(c. m.)

3 He is our Rock and our Defence,  
Nor earth nor hell can force us thence ;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
Who with our prayers, presents his own.

4 He is the burden'd sinner's rest,  
Our Prophet, and Atoning Priest ;  
To him, as our exalted King,  
We homage pay, our offerings bring.

5 He is our Captain and our Guide,  
The Friend, the Husband of the bride ;  
The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,  
The Lord our strength and righteousness.

6 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Who does his flock in safety keep ;  
The Conqueror He, the Judge of men,  
The Faithful Witness, the Amen.

## HYMN 179.

(L. M.)

## LOVE OF CHRIST.

1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God !  
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood !  
Give us to know thy love !—then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee !  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
Thy pledge of love for ever there !

3 How can it be, thou Heavenly king,  
That thou shouldst man to glory bring,  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
And deck them with a glorious crown ?

(L. M.)

- 4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell  
Thy love—immense, unsearchable!
- 5 First-born of many brethren, Thou!  
To thee both earth and heaven must bow  
Help us to Thee our all to give!  
Thine may we die; thine may we live!

## HYMN 180.

(8, 7.)

## DIVINE LOVE.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesus, thou art all compassion;  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart!
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in thee inherit—  
Let us find—thy promis'd rest!  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith, as its beginning;  
Set our hearts at liberty!
- 3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless may we be;  
Let us see our great salvation  
Perfectly secur'd by thee;  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

## HYMN 181.

(P. M.)

CHRIST OUR PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING.

1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus my great High Priest,  
Offer'd his blood and died;  
My guilty conscience needs  
No sacrifice beside.  
His powerful blood did once atone;  
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Gracious, Almighty, Lord,  
My conqu'ror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing;  
Thine is the power; behold I sit  
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

## HYMN 182.

(C. M.)

CHRIST OUR HIGH PRIEST.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
And overflows with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

t ;

v

(8, 7.)

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
 And in his measure feels afresh  
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax  
 But raise it to a flame ;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scoras the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his power ;  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
 In the distressing hour.

## HYMN 183.

(L. M.)

JESUS, A PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING.

- 1 JESUS, the *Prophet* of thy Church,  
 Whose word with heavenly wisdom glows,  
 Unveil our hearts, direct our search,  
 To gain the knowledge it bestows !
- 2 Oh, let thy solemn call awake  
 Each soul to penitence and prayer,  
 The chains of sin and sorrow break,  
 And write thy sacred precepts there !
- 3 Jesus our *Priest*, whose boundless love  
 Has made atonement for our guilt,  
 And now before the throne above  
 Offers the blood which thou hast spilt.
- 4 To us thy power and love reveal,  
 Thy pardon to our souls convey,  
 Their fears remove, their sickness heal,  
 And wash their deadly stains away !
- 5 Jesus our *King*, with conqu'ring might  
 Ride on, thy glorious work complete ;  
 Put all our enemies to flight,  
 And cast them down beneath thy feet !

- 6 To every frail and feeble soul  
 New life and energy impart;  
 Teach us to bow to thy control,  
 And rear thy throne in every heart!

## HYMN 184.

(L. M.)

CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
 In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
 The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found?  
 And is no kind physician nigh,  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 3 Yes, there's a great physician near;  
 Look up, my fainting soul, and live!  
 See in his heavenly smiles appear  
 Such help as nature cannot give!
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!  
 'Tis only that dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain—and heal thy woe.

## HYMN 185.

(C. M.)

CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye Martyrs of your God,  
 Who from his altar call;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall,  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 186.

(L. M.)

## WORTHY THE LAMB.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,  
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;  
Let all the powers of earth obey,  
And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;  
Creation's voice, the note prolong;  
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign—  
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

## HYMN 187.

(C. M.)

## FAITH.

- 1 O LET triumphant faith dispel  
The fears of guilt and woe!  
If God be for us, God the Lord,  
Who, who shall be our foe?

- 2 He who his only Son gave up  
To death, that we might live,  
Shall he not all things freely grant  
That boundless love can give ?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse ?  
'T is God hath justified :  
Who now his people shall condemn ?  
The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath risen again,  
Triumphant from the grave :  
At God's right hand for us he pleads,  
Omnipotent to save.

## HYMN 188.

(S. M.)

## FAITH.

- 1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd !  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God !
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,—  
An all-atoning Priest :  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress ;  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Lord 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free ;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
To work this faith in me !

(L. M.)

(C. M.)

## HYMN 189.

(L. M.)

## NATURE OF FAITH.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence  
Of things unseen by mortal eye ;  
It passes all the bounds of sense,  
And penetrates the inmost sky.



- 2 Things absent it can set in view,  
And bring far distant prospects home;  
Events long pass'd it can renew,  
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar  
The heavenly regions it surveys,  
Embraces all the blessings there,  
And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,  
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,  
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear  
And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith, we pass the vale of tears,  
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;  
By faith, subdue the king of fears,  
And go rejoicing to our rest.

## HYMN 190.

(C. M.)

## DEAD FAITH.

- 1 DELUDED souls! that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new-creates the heart  
And works by active love,  
Will bid all sinful joys depart,  
And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free  
To make us pure within;  
Nor did he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

## HYMN 191.

(C. M.)

## SALVATION NOT OF WORKS.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
And all their actions guilt,
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths  
Without a murmuring word;  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,  
To justify us now;  
Since to convince, and to condemn,  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!--  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 192.

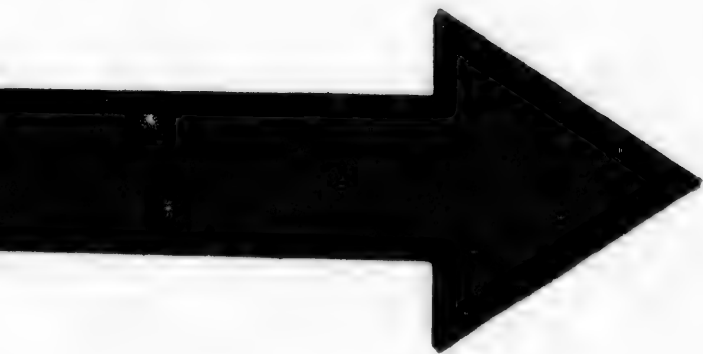
(P. M.)

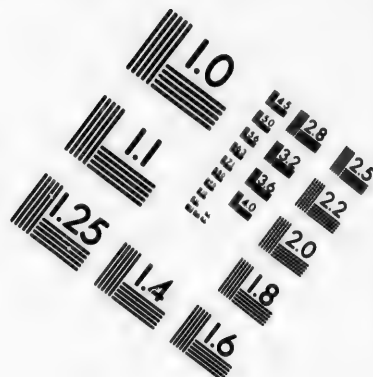
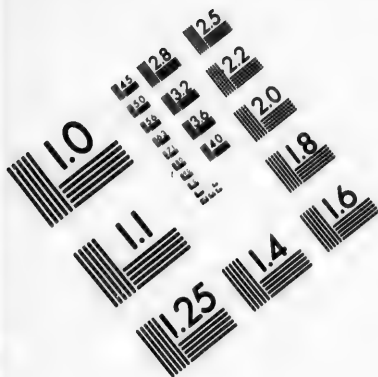
"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—*John vi. 37.*

This Hymn may be sung to a long metre tune by repeating the words "I come," in the fourth line of each verse.

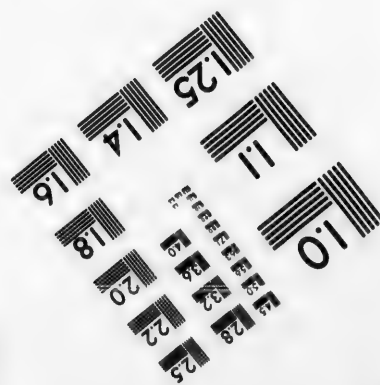
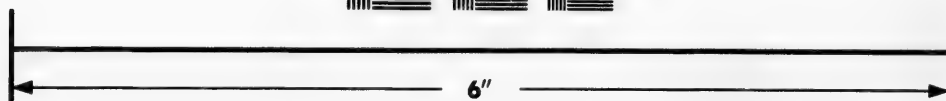
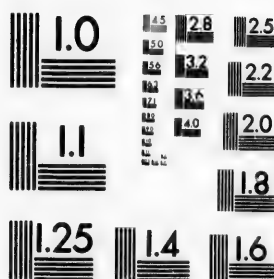
- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though toss'd about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and wars without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!







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- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe ;  
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am, thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down :  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone ;  
O Lamb of God, I come !

## HYMN 193.

(C. M.)

## THE POWER OF FAITH.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares ;  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares.
- 2 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 3 It shows the precious promise, seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.

## HYMN 194.

(7r.)

## CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waves of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my hope from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

## HYMN 195.

(11's.)

## THE CHRISTIAN'S SECURITY.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled;
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
 "I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 "I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
 to stand,  
 "Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to  
 go,  
 "The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
 "For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
 "And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall  
 lie,  
 "My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
 "The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
 "Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
 "I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 "That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to  
 shake,  
 "I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

(C. M.)

(7's.)



## HYMN 196.

(S. M.)

## SALVATION BY GRACE.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the means that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace guides my wand'ring feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

## HYMN 197.

(7's.)

## SONGS OF PRAISE.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang;  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day  
God will make new heavens and earth:  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

## HYMN 198.

183

(S. M.)

- 4 And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## HYMN 198.

(S. M.)

## THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

(7's.)

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For us whose sins he bore!
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing;  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God  
In Christ th' Eternal King!
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongues  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## HYMN 199.

(S. M.)

JESUS THE LIGHT AND PEACE OF HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 LIGHT of the anxious heart,  
Jesus thy suppliants cheer;  
Bid thou the gloom of guilt depart,  
And shed thy sweetness here.
- 2 Happy the man whose breast  
Thou mak'st thy residence,  
From God's right hand a radiant guest  
Unseen by fleshly sense.
- 3 Brightness of God above,  
Unfathomable grace,  
Vouchsafe a present fount of love  
To cleanse thy chosen place.
- 4 To thee whom children see,  
The Father ever blest,  
The holy Spirit, one and three,  
Be endless praise address.

## HYMN 200.

(L. M.)

GLORY AND GRACE IN CHRIST.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;  
Hosannah to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens reflect it to the ground!

(S. M.)

PEOPLE.

- 4 Oh ! may I reach that happy place  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold !

## HYMN 201.

(C. M.)

## RETURNING TO ZION.

- 1 SING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord  
Your great Deliv'rer sing :  
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath made ;  
How peaceful and how plain,  
The simplest trav'ller need not err,  
Nor seek a path in vain.
- 3 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road ;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 4 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 5 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
Pursue his footsteps still :  
With joyful hope still fix your eye  
On Zion's heavenly hill.

(L. M.)

## INVITATION AND WARNING.

## HYMN 202.

(S. M.)

*Rev. xxii. 17-20.*

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,  
Is whispering, sinner, come :  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, come.

- 2 Let him that heareth say  
 To all about him, come :  
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
 To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 O let him freely come,  
 And freely drink the stream of life :  
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
 Declares, I quickly come ;  
 Lord, even so ; I wait thy hour :  
 Jesus, my Saviour, come !

## HYMN 203.

(C. M.)

## WONDERS OF GOD'S LOVE.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God  
 With songs of sacred praise ;  
 For he is good, supremely good ;  
 And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
 In him we live and move ;  
 But nobler benefits declare  
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
 To ransom rebel worms ;  
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,  
 'Tis here our hope relies ;  
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
 The souls who trust in thee ;  
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,  
 With bliss divinely free.

- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love  
What honours shall we raise?  
Not all th' angelic songs above  
Can render equal praise.

## HYMN 204.

(8, 7, 4.)

## SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
This is your accepted hour!  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able, he is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome!  
God's free bounty glorify,  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace which brings us nigh,  
Without money, come to Jesus Christ and buy!
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you: 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Lo, th' Incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood!  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 205.

(7's.)

## EXPOSTULATION WITH SINNERS.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why:  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live:  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands:  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:  
 He, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Woo'd you to embrace his love:  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 O, ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye for ever die?

## HYMN 206.

(L. M.)

*Rev. iii. 20.*

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,  
 Who gently knocks in mercy's hour;  
 In lovely attitude he stands,  
 With melting heart and bleeding hands.
- 2 The Friend of Sinners!—yes, 'tis he,  
 With garments dy'd on Calvary;  
 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
 And let the heav'nly stranger in.
- 3 Oh! then, his fulness thou shalt see,  
 And "sup with him and he with thee;"  
 Refusing still, the hour's at hand,  
 You'll at his door rejected stand.

## HYMN 207.

(L. M.)

THE SINNER ENTREATED.

- 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, now return,  
 And seek thine injur'd Father's face:  
 Those new desires which in thee burn,  
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,  
He hears thy deep repentant sigh :  
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live :  
Go to his feet ; and grateful, learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wand'rer, now return,  
And wipe away the falling tear :  
Thy father calls—"No longer mourn !"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## HYMN 208.

(P. M.)

(L. M.)

## PEACE FOR THE TROUBLED SOUL.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the note of woe ;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow ;  
Behold the precious balm is found  
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,  
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;  
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
Safe in the mercy of thy God :  
Thy God's thy Saviour ! glorious Word !  
O he ar, believe, and bless the Lord !

(L. M.)

## HYMN 209.

(L. M.)

## REST FOR THE WEARY PENITENT.

- 1 COME, weary souls with sin opprest,  
Come and accept the promis'd rest :  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.



- 2 Burdened with guilt, a painful load,  
O come and bow before your God!  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

## HYMN 210.

(7's.)

## THE SINNER INVITED AND WARNED.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise:  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

## HYMN 211.

(7's.)

## THE SINNER EXHORTED.

- 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,  
Jesus waits his light to shed.

- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
See the bright and living path;  
Watchful tread that path; be wise,  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,  
From this hour redeem thy time;  
Life secure without delay,  
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still,  
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

(7's.)

RNED.

## HYMN 212.

(S. S. M.)

## THE BROAD AND THE NARROW ROAD.

- 1 STRIVE, for the way is straight  
In which the Saviour trod;  
And narrow is the gate  
That leadeth up to God.  
Cut off th' ensnaring hand,  
Pluck out th' ensnaring eye,  
Turn ye at God's command;  
Sinners, why will ye die?
- 2 Strive, for there are but few  
Who find the living way;  
And why, alas! will you  
Still blindly go astray?  
O shut the crowded gate,  
Though wide it seem, and fair.  
'Twill bring you soon or late,  
To anguish and despair.
- 3 Strive, ere life's setting sun  
Shall sink in thickest gloom:  
Strive, night is coming on,  
Ye hasten to the tomb.  
Ask, mercy shall be given:  
Seek as for hidden gold;  
Knock, and the Lord of heaven  
The gates will wide unfold.

(7's.)

p,

## HYMN 213.

(7's.)

## THE INVITATION OF CHRIST.

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,  
     All who groan beneath your load!  
     Jesus calls his wand'ers home;  
     Hasten to your pard'ning God.  
     Come ye guilty souls oppress'd,  
     Answer to the Saviour's call,  
     "Come, and I will give you rest!"  
     "Come, and I will save you all!"
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,  
     We thy kindest word obey;  
     Faithful let thy mercies prove;  
     Take our load of guilt away!  
     Fain we would on thee rely,  
     Cast on thee our sin and care,  
     To thine arms of mercy fly,  
     Find our lasting quiet there.
- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,  
     Burden'd with our sinful load,  
     Burden'd with this unbelief,  
     Burden'd with the wrath of God;  
     Lo we come to thee for ease,  
     True and gracious as thou art!  
     Now our groaning souls release,  
     Write forgiveness on our heart!

## HYMN 214.

(c. m.)

## THE YOUNG EXHORTED.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
     In smiling crowds draw near;  
     And turn from every mortal charm,  
     A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
     Stoops to converse with you;  
     And lays his radiant glories by,  
     Your friendship to pursue.

(7's.)

- 3 The soul that longs to see his face,  
Is sure his love to gain;  
And those that early seek his grace,  
Shall never seek in vain.
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move  
If once compar'd with thee!  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see.
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice;  
And here, true bliss I find.

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CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CONFLICT.

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## HYMN 215.

(C. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on!  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:—  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way!
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour! introduc'd by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,  
I'll lay my honours down.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 216.

(L. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone ;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power,  
Is ever new, and ever young ;  
Shall firm endure while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;  
While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

## HYMN 217.

(8. 7. 4.)

## FOR THE DIVINE GUIDANCE.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong deliv'rer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

## HYMN 218.

(S. M.)

## PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN GRACES.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my prayer:  
 Give me on thee to wait,  
 Till I can all things do;  
 On thee, almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will,  
 That tramples down and casts behind,  
 The baits of pleasing ill;  
 A soul inur'd to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss;  
 Ready to take up and sustain  
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
 A quick, discerning eye,  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly;  
 A spirit still prepar'd  
 And arm'd with jealous care,  
 For ever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.

(L. M.)

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(8. 7. 4.)

- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less;  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call  
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,  
To thee and thy great name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

## HYMN 219.

(C. M.)

## THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd:  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest:  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## HYMN 220.

(S. M.)

## CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfil—  
Oh may it all my powers engage  
To do my master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give:

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 221.

(C. M.)

## RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admir'd its follies too,  
But grace has set me free.



- 2 Those follies now no longer please,  
No more delight afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice  
Shall fix my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee;  
Yet worthless still, myself I own,  
Thy worth is all my plea.

## HYMN 222.

(7. 6.)

## PRESSING TOWARD HEAVEN.

- 1 RISE my soul and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Tow'rd's heaven, thy destin'd place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source.  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon your Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies;  
 Yet a season, and ye know,  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth chang'd for heaven.

## HYMN 223.

(7's.)

## REJOICING IN HOPE.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As we journey, let us sing;  
 Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God  
 In the way the fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Banished once, by sin betray'd,  
 Christ our advocate was made;  
 Pardon'd now, no more we roam,  
 Christ conducts us to our home.

- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

## HYMN 224.

(L. M.)

## FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

- 2 O how benevolent and kind,  
How mild, how ready to forgive :  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly father's will  
Was his employment and delight ;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love ;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.
- 5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,  
How frail, how apt to turn aside ;  
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;  
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be ;  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
Oh Saviour, daily more like thee.

## HYMN 225.

(L. M.)

## NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee ;  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus, sooner far  
Let night disown each radiant star ;  
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus, O, as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! empty pride;  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified,  
And, O, may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not asham'd of me.

## HYMN 226.

(S. M.)

## THE JOYS OF TRUE RELIGION.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
As ye surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place:  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The sons of God have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 227.

(L. M.)

## HEAVEN SEEN BY FAITH.

- 1 AS, when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if o'er the plains  
He sees his home, though distant still,

- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views  
 By faith his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
 No more he grieves for sorrows past,  
 Nor any future conflict fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,  
 To lead us on to thine abode ;  
 Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay  
 The hardest labours of the road.

## HYMN 228.

(C. M.)

## THE JOYS OF TRUE RELIGION.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil ;  
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
 A sense of pard'ning love,  
 A hope that triumphs over death,  
 Give joys like those above.
- 3 These are the joys which satisfy  
 And purify the mind ;  
 Which make the spirit mount on high,  
 And leave the world behind.
- 4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot, —  
 O, thou who art the Lord's,  
 Resign to those who know him not,  
 Such joy as earth affords.

## HYMN 229.

(7's.)

*" Lovest thou me ? " — John xxi. 17.*

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,  
 Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
 Do I love the Lord or no ?  
 Am I his, or am I not ?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild :  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
Ye that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !  
Thou who art thy people's sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace ;  
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

(C. M.)

(7's.)

## HYMN 230.

(S. 7.)

## LOVE.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
 For the bliss thy love bestows;  
 For the pard'ning grace that saves me,  
 And the peace that from it flows:  
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour;  
 This dull soul to rapture raise:  
 Thou must light the flame, or never  
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wand'rer, far astray;  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away;  
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express:  
 Low before thy foot-stool kneeling,  
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me rise;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

## HYMN 231.

(C. N. 11.)

## WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
 Of jealous godly fear,  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near!  
 I want the first approach to feel,  
 Of pride or vain desire,  
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire!

(8. 7.)

2 From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 Thy filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience give!  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make!  
 Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake!

3 If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove;  
 Return me to thy narrow way,  
 Uphold me with thy love!  
 O, may the least omission pain  
 My well-instructed soul,  
 And drive me to the blood again  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

## HYMN 232.

(L. M.)

## FOR SANCTIFICATION.

1 FROM my own works at last I cease,  
 For God alone can give me peace;  
 Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
 Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal;  
 I see my sin, but cannot feel  
 True sorrow, till thy Spirit show  
 My unbelief, the source of woe.

3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,  
 Thou only can'st good gifts impart:  
 I therefore will my heart resign  
 To Thee; O cleanse and seal it thine!

4 With humble faith on thee I call,  
 My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all!  
 I wait, O Lord to hear thee say,  
 "My blood hath washed thy sins away."



- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,  
 Make my infected nature pure;  
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
 And give thyself unto my heart.

## HYMN 233.

(C. M.)

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
 My humble prayer arise :
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee :
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.

## HYMN 234.

(C. M.)

## FOR A RENEWED HEART.

- 1 OH! for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from guilt set free,—  
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
 So freely shed for me ;—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 Oh ! for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him who dwells within ;—
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
 And fill'd with love divine,  
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of thine !

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love!

(c. M.)

## HYMN 235.

(l. M.)

## CONTENTMENT.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit;  
He gave thee warrant from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

(c. M.)

## HYMN 236.

(l. M. 6 LINES.)

Jesus, a compassionate High Priest.—*Heb.* iv. 15.

- 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienc'd every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do ;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou Saviour seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 4 And oh ! when I have safely past,  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death, for thou hast died :—  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away !

## HYMN 237.

(G. M.)

## HOPE IN TROUBLE.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
How sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murmur'ing thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still ;
- 3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys  
The paths to realms of light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is, that hope with ardour glows  
To see him face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.

- 5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
 From earth-born woe and care,  
 And soar beyond these clouds of night,  
 My Saviour's bliss to share !

## HYMN 238.

(L. M.)

## SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

- 1 Lord ! unafflicted, undismay'd,  
 In pleasure's path how long I stray'd,  
 But thou hast made me feel thy rod !  
 And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.
- 2 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,  
 I bless thy hand that caus'd the smart :  
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
 But sav'd me from eternal woe !
- 3 Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,  
 Thy precepts I had still despis'd,  
 And still the snare in secret laid  
 Had my unwary feet betray'd,
- 4 I love thy chast'nings, O my God,  
 They fix my hopes on thy abode ;  
 Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
 Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 239.

(7's.)

## TRIALS.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross ;  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all ;  
 This is happiness to me.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way,  
 Might I not with reason fear  
 I should be a cast away?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;  
 Trials give new life to prayer;  
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
 Lay me low and keep me there.

## HYMN 240.

(C. M.)

## RESIGNATION.

- 1 THOU boundless source of every good,  
 Our best desires fulfil,  
 And help us to adore thy grace,  
 And mark thy sov'reign will!
- 2 In all thy mercies, may our souls  
 Thy bounteous goodness see:  
 Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts  
 Estrange our hearts from thee!
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,  
 To own thy hand, O God,  
 And in submissive silence learn  
 The lessons of thy rod!
- 4 In every changing scene of life,  
 Whate'er that scene may be,  
 Give us a meek and humble mind,  
 A mind at peace with thee!
- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,  
 Free from distracting care;  
 For death is life, and labour rest,  
 If thou art with us there.

## HYMN 241.

## DESIRES AFTER RENEWED HOLINESS.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame—  
 A light, to shine upon the road  
 Which leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord!  
Where is the soul-refreshing view,  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

(C. M.)

- 4 Return O Holy Dove! return  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## HYMN 242.

(C. M.)

## HABITUAL DEVOTION.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes still'd:  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see:  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
     In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
     Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
     Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
     My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
     The gath'ring storms shall see ;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
     That heart will rest on thee.

## HYMN 243.

(L. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here:"—  
     This may distress the worldling's mind ;  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
     Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here:"—  
     Sad truth, were this to be our home !  
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
     " We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here:"—  
     Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
     But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
     We seek a city out of sight,—  
 Zion its name,—the Lord is there,  
     It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
     Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
     I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

- 6 "But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do His will be *mine*!  
And *his*, to fix my time of rest.

## HYMN 244.

(11's.)

"I would not live alway."—*Job* vii. 16.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway;—no—welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

## HYMN 245.

(S. M.)

*Philippians* ii. 12, 13.

- 1 HEIRS of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
O let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear.



- 2 God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown;  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do;  
He is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too!

## HYMN 246.

(P. M.)

*Hubakkuk* iii. 17-19.

- 1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield;  
Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,  
And by his grace be heal'd.
- 2 Though fields in verdure once array'd,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy; for, though his frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,  
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall;  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies;  
There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in his love;  
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind he makes and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

HYMN 247, 248.

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HYMN 247.

(7's.)

*Rev. vii. 9, &c.*

(P. M.)

- 1 WHO are these in bright array?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day  
Tuning their triumphant song?  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
"Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
"Wisdom, riches, to obtain;  
"New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Seal'd with his eternal name:  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels their fears;  
And, for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

HYMN 248.

(P. M.)

MERCY DIVINE.

- 1 BY faith we are come to our permanent home:  
By hope we the rapture improve;  
By love we still rise, and look down on the skies:  
For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 2 What a rapturous song when the glorified throng,  
In the spirit of harmony join!  
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine.

- 3 Hallelujah they cry, to the King of the sky.  
To the great everlasting I AM ;  
To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

## DEATH AND ETERNITY.

### HYMN 249.

(C. M.)

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a mournful sound ;  
Mine ears attend the cry ;  
“ Ye living men, come view the ground  
“ Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
“ In spite of all your towers ;  
“ The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head  
“ Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom !  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace  
To raise our souls to thee,  
That we may view thy glorious face  
To all eternity.

### HYMN 250.

(C. M.)

*Job xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.*

- 1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man, of woman born !  
Thy doom is written : “ Dust thou art,  
“ To dust thou shalt return.”

## HYMN 251.

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- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state  
In flowers that bloom and die,  
Or in the shadow's fleeting form  
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determin'd are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head;  
The number'd hour is on the wing,  
That lays thee with the dead.
- 4 Great God ! afflict not, in thy wrath,  
The short allotted span,  
That bounds the few and weary days  
Of pilgrimage to man.

## HYMN 251.

(L. M.)

## THE FEAR OF DEATH OVERCOME.

- 1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death—  
Lord, help me to surmount the fear,  
That when I must resign my breath,  
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—  
In me let every sin be slain;  
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,  
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,  
Closely the ends of life pursue,  
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,  
And honour thee in all I do !
- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,  
Where in thy light I light shall see:  
The soul may freely dare to die,  
That longs to be possess'd of Thee.
- 5 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom  
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death;  
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,  
And as a victor yield my breath.

## HYMN 252.

(C. M.)

## COMFORT IN THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## HYMN 253.

(C. M.)

## DYING IN THE LORD.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

(C. M.)

FRIENDS.

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(C. M.)

n proclaims,

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;  
 How kind their slumbers are !  
 From sufferings, and from sins releas'd,  
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
 They're present with the Lord ;  
 The labours of their mortal life  
 End in a large reward,

## HYMN 254.

(P. M.)

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark, they whisper, angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away !  
 What is this absorbs me quite ;  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears :  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring ;  
 Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly :  
 O grave, where is thy victory  
 O death, where is thy sting ?

## HYMN 255.

(C. M.)

## DEATH THE LOT OF ALL.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,  
 Is equal warning given :  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven !

- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly to the tomb ;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come ?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead !
- 6 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given :  
The forms which underneath thee lie,  
Shall live, for hell or heaven !

## HYMN 256.

(S. M.)

*Job xiv. 11-14.*

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again.
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the sphere of light :
- 3 And man when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until th' eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find, in death,  
 A hiding-place with God,  
 Secure from woe and sin; till call'd  
 To share his bless'd abode!

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,  
 Through toil, and care, and grief,  
 Till my appointed course is run,  
 And death shall bring relief.

## HYMN 257. (12's and 11's.)

1 *Thess. iv. 13.*

1 THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not  
 deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
 tomb;  
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals be-  
 fore thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
 the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer be-  
 hold thee,  
 Nor dread the rough paths of the world by  
 thy side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-  
 fold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour  
 hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion  
 forsaking,  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd  
 long;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on  
 thy waking,  
 And the sound thou didst hear was the sera-  
 phim's song.



- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy  
guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
thee,  
And death hath no sting since the Saviour  
hath died.

## HYMN 258.

(C. M.)

## VICTORY OVER DEATH.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith,  
To cheer my dying hours ;  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,—  
“ Where is thy boasted victory, grave ?  
O death, where is thy sting ? ”
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;  
Death hath no sting beside :  
The law gives sin its damning power ;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,—  
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

## HYMN 259.

(8, 7.)

## MOURNERS COMFORTED.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,  
O'er the grave of those you love ;  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

- 2 While our silent steps are straying,  
Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never—never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
Sickness there, no more can come;  
There no fear of woe, intruding,  
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Far removed from pain and anguish,  
They are chanting hymns above.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 260.

(C. M.)

## THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saint,  
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh, his fetters break;  
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace our heavenward flight;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
They are supremely blest;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.

(8, 7.)

- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,  
 His presence always view ;—  
 And if we *here* their footsteps trace,  
*There* we shall praise him too.

## HYMN 261.

(L. M.)

## DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

- 1 HOW bless'd the righteous when he dies  
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away,  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
 So gently shuts the eye of day,  
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears ;  
 Farewell, inconstant world farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
 Light from its load the spirit flies  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
 " How bless'd the righteous when he dies ! "

## HYMN 262.

(G. M.)

## DEATH OF FRIENDS.

- 1 WHEN those we love are snatch'd away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
 That friendship must demand.

## HYMN 263.

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- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
With awful power imprest,  
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more;  
Behold the op'ning tomb;  
It bids us use the present hour,  
Tomorrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene  
May every heart obey!  
Nor be the faithful warning vain  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,  
Whose arm alone can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

## HYMN 263.

(C. M.)

## THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven declares,  
To those in Christ who die:  
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,  
"They'll reign with him on high."
- 2 Then why lament departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
Death's but the servant Jesus sends  
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd we're secure,  
Death hath no sting beside;  
The law gave sin its strength and power;  
But Christ, our ransom, died.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
When in the grave he lay;  
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised  
To everlasting day.

- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
 To Christ our life, we'll sing,  
 "Where is thy victory, O grave?  
 "And where, O death, thy sting?

## HYMN 264.

(L. M.)

## A FUNERAL HYMN.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room,  
 To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
 Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed:  
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade
- 4 Break from thy throne, illustrious morn!  
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word:  
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form  
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

## HYMN 265.

(C. M.)

## DEATH DREADFUL TO THE WICKED

- 1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day,  
 To those that have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forced away  
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies,  
 To darkness, fire, and pain.

# HYMNS 266, 267.

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3 He is a God of sovereign love,  
That promis'd heaven to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.

4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand ;  
Then come the joyful day ;  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

(L. M.)

# HYMN 266.

(L. M.)

## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

1 AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day ;  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,  
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod ;  
O mourner! such, the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our God!

(C. M.)

# HYMN 267.

(C. M.)

## DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

1 How short the race our friend has run,  
Cut down in all his bloom !  
The course but yesterday begun  
Now finish'd in the tomb !

2 Thou joyous youth ! hence learn how soon  
Thy years may end their flight !  
Long, long before life's brilliant noon  
May come death's gloomy night.

kies,

- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,  
To-day his voice regard;  
To-morrow, mercy's open gate  
May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,  
Thy youthful love to gain;  
"The soul that early seeks my face  
Shall never seek in vain."

## HYMN 268.

(L. M.)

## THE TOLLING BELL.

- 1 OFT as the bell with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul;  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepar'd, should I be called to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,  
Subdue my sins, and in me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

## HYMN 269.

(C. M.)

## THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

- 1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry;  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh?

- 2 What though the arm of conqu'ring dea t  
Does God's own house invade ?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged, and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute th' instructive tongue,—
- 4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord ;  
"My Church shall safe abide ;  
For I will ne'er forsake, my own,  
Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
This promise, is our trust :  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

(L. M.)

## HYMN 270.

(L. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PARTING HOUR.

- 1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
And faith rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 A beam from heaven is sent, to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.

(C. M.)

grief,



- 4 O Lord, that we may thus depart,  
 Thy joys to share, thy race to see,  
 Impress thy image on our heart,  
 And teach us now to walk with thee!

## HYMN 271.

(G. M.)

## THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign,  
 Eternal day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;  
 Death like a narrow sea divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dress'd in living green;  
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow sea;  
 And linger trembling, on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er—  
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

## HYMN 272.

(S. M.)

## REST FOR THE WEARY SOUL.

- 1 OH! where shall rest be found!  
 Rest for the weary soul;  
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole.

## HYMN 273.

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2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 273.

(C. M.)

## THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,  
Their couch was wet with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I asked them whence their vict'ry came :  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the way our Saviour trod,  
His Spirit fill'd their breast,  
And, following their Incarnate God,  
They reached the promis'd Rest.

(S. M.)

- 5 Our glorious leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shew the same path to heaven.

## HYMN 274.

(C. M.)

## THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

- 1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,  
In sweet assemblage join,  
All nature's charms would droop and die,  
Jesus, compared with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,  
And vain her blooming store;  
Her brightness languishes to shade,  
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight  
The Lord of glory dwells:  
A veil of interposing night  
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O, could my longing spirit rise  
On strong immortal wing,  
And reach thy palace in the skies,  
My Saviour and my King!
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,  
And there, divine employ,  
The triumphs of thy love repeat  
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day  
O'er all the blissful place;  
Who would not drop this load of clay  
And die to see thy face?

## HYMN 275.

(C. M.)

## THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Shall join the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee:  
Then shall my labours have an end  
When I thy joys shall see.

## HYMN 276.

## THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

(C. M.)

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,  
And discord there shall cease;  
And perfect joy and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more;  
But, clothed in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)  
Th' exalted Saviour shines;  
And beams ineffable delight  
On all the heavenly minds.

(C. M.)

- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs;  
And endless honours to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire;  
Till in thy blissful courts above,  
We join th' angelic choir.

## HYMN 277.

(c. M.)

2 *Corinthians* iv. 18.

- 1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies!
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
They fade upon the sight;  
And quickly will their brightest day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!  
With conscious sighs we own;  
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,  
O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim!  
With one reviving touch of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame.

- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
 Our ardent wishes rise,  
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
 Immortal in the skies.

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THE CHURCH.

HYMN 278.

(S. M.)

LOVE TO THE CHURCH.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God ;
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
 My voice or hands deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare, or her woe,
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall :
 For her my prayers ascend :
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

- 7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 279.

(C. M.)

THE CHURCH OF GOD SECURE.

- 1 THY Church, O Lord, secure shall stand,
Amidst the raging foe;
Call'd from the world by thy command,
Thy mighty power shall know.
- 2 Thy Church shall in its deep distress
The manna's sweetness know;
And in the dreary wilderness,
Streams from the Rock shall flow.
- 3 Triumphant borne beyond the flood,
To Canaan's heavenly shore,
Thy Church, redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Shall reign for evermore.
- 4 Unite us to that Church, O Lord,
In faith and love divine;
To walk according to thy word,
Now and for ever thine!

HYMN 280.

(S. M.)

THE ARK OF GOD.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found;

HYMN 281.

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- 2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 281.

(P. M.)

THE CHURCH IN GLORY.

- 1 WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the bless'd;
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.
- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ
Before th' Almighty King.

- 4 The King a seat hath there prepar'd
 High, on eternal base uprear'd,
 For his eternal Son :
 His palaces with joy abound ;
 His saints, by him with glory crown'd
 Attend and share his throne.
- 5 Mother of cities ! o'er thy head
 Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
 For evermore shall dwell :
 Let me, blest seat ! my name behold
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 And bid the world farewell.

HYMN 282.

(G. M.)

Hebrews xii. 18, 22, 24.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke :
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God ;
 While milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold, th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just
 Whose faith is chang'd to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
 Whose names are writ in heaven ;
 Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
 Their sins, through Christ, forgiven !
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their vital Head,
 And of his love partake.

HYMNS 283, 284.

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HYMN 283.

(C. M.)

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise!
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing,
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 O Jesus, be our constant guide!—
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven!

HYMN 284.

(S. M.)

CHRISTIAN UNION.

- 1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain!
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 285.

(C. M.)

CHRISTIAN UNION.

- 1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk with him!
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

HYMN 286.

(S. M.)

ALL ONE IN CHRIST.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

HYMN 287.

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2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will,
Be banish'd far away ;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

(C. M.)

HYMN 287.

(L. M.)

FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple Lord, to thee ;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear thou, in Heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim,
The blessed gospel of thy Son ;
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly King ;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign,
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

(S. M.)

- 6 That glory never hence depart !
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come in every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

HYMN 288.

(7s.)

ON OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 1 LORD of hosts ! to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise :
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word the heavenly bread :
 Here in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand
 While the sea shall gird the land ;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply :
 Hallelujah !—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN 289.

(L. M.)

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

- 1 AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,
 On earth establish thine abode ?
 Then look propitious from thy throne,
 And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
 Long may they echo in thy praise ;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With the rich tokens of thy grace.

HYMNS 290, 291.

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- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 290.

(C. M.)

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let these little infants be
Baptis'd into thy death.
- 2 O let thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew;
And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 Thy faithful servants let them prove,
Begirt with truth divine;
And sharers in thy dying love,
And followers of thine.
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

HYMN 291.

(L. M.)

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost—come from on high;
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

- 2 Exert thy gracious power divine,
And sprinkle now th' atoning blood ;
May Father, Son and Spirit, join
To seal this child a child of God.

HYMN 292.

(G. M.)

CHRIST RECEIVING CHILDREN.

- 1 THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast ;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim ;
"The heirs of heaven are such as these,
"For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN 293.

(8. 7.)

THE SAVIOUR BLESSING CHILDREN.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share.
- 2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm—
There, we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dang'rous way.

HYMNS 294, 295.

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- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 294.

(L. M.)

BAPTISM OF AN INFANT.

- 1 O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne ;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine and thine alone.
- 2 Remove from it each stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified ;
Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honours, wealth or fame :
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.
- 4 This infant, we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care :
We lay it at the Saviour's feet,
He will not let it perish there.

HYMN 295.

(S. M.)

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

- 3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued,
 And take to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
 And stand complete at last.

HYMN 296.

(C. M.)

THE SOLEMN VOW.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
 Before the Lord we speak ;
 To him we make our solemn vow,
 A vow we dare not break :
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
 Nor from his cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on his grace rely,
 That, with returning wants, the Lord
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways ;
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

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 CONFIRMATION.
 

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## HYMN 297.

(L. M.)

## SELF DEDICATION.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
 On thee, my Saviour and my God :  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell thy goodness all abroad.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,  
To him who merits all my love;  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine:  
Help me, through grace to follow on,  
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart  
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest:  
Who with the world would grieve to part,  
When call'd on angel's food to feast?
- 5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 298.

(L. M.)

## EXHORTATION TO EARLY PIETY.

- 1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God:  
Behold, the days come hastening on,  
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;  
Teach me to know how frail I am;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

(L. M.)

## HYMN 299.

(C. M.)

## RELIGION ALL IMPORTANT.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below ;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
Or for an early tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

## HYMN 300.

(C. M.)

## EARLY PIETY.

- 1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, though offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
For sinners who grow old in sin  
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.

## HYMNS 301, 302.

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(C. M.)

- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our hearts we now resign ;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

## HYMN 301.

(L. M.)

### SELF DEDICATION TO GOD.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant me in mercy, now a place,  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thee, my new Master, now I call ;  
And consecrate to thee my all ;  
Lord, let me live and die to thee  
Be thine through all eternity.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 302.

(C. M.)

### REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardour glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep in thy soul before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslav'd,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engrav'd.
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days ;  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways :

- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom early sought and gain'd,  
In age will give thee rest :  
O then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest !
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### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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#### HYMN 303.

(L. M.)

*Luke xiv. 17.*

- 1 MY God, and is thy table spread,  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them thy sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail ! sacred feast which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood :  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.
- 5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come ;  
And gather from their Father's board,  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

- 6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

## HYMN 304.

(L. M.)

## INSTITUTION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake,  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 This is my body—broke for sin—  
Receive and eat the living food;  
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:  
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,"  
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;"  
"Meet at my table and record"  
"The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;  
We show thy death, we sing thy name;  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

## HYMN 305.

(C. M.)

## THE GOSPEL FEAST.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high,  
High as our joys arise,  
And join the songs above the sky,  
Where pleasure never dies.

- 2 Jesus, our Friend, invites us here,  
To this triumphal feast ;  
And brings immortal blessings down  
For each redeemed guest.
- 3 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,  
The tribute of our tongues ;  
But themes so infinite as these  
Exceed our noblest songs.

## HYMN 306.

(L. M.)

## BEFORE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
That name in heaven and earth ador'd,  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,  
And worship at his sacred feet,  
O let our warm affections move,  
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,  
But long to know and love thee more ;  
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,  
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous love display'd,  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;  
And thy forgiving love impart,  
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

## HYMN 307.

(C. M.)

BEFORE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood ?  
And to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above :  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love ?
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,  
To praise our heavenly King :  
O may that love which spread this board,  
Inspire us while we sing :
- 4 " Glory to God in highest strains,  
" And to the earth be peace ;  
" Good-will from heaven to men is come,  
" And let it never cease."

## HYMN 308.

(C. M.)

*Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.*

- 1 THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,  
Art worthy to receive ;  
Since all things by thy power were made,  
And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
Honour, and wealth, to gain,  
Glory and strength ; who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd  
And ransom'd us to God,  
From every nation, every coast,  
By thy most precious blood.



- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb be given.

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THE LORD'S DAY.
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## HYMN 309.

(C. M.)

DELIGHT IN THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ! descend, and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God the Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

## HYMN 310.

(L. M.)

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's day has begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the hours thy God hath bless.

# HYMNS 311, 312.

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- 2 This day may our devotions rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies;  
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,  
Which none but they who feel it know!
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains;  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away;  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

## HYMN 311.

(L. M.)

### THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire  
With lively faith and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave the weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

## HYMN 312.

(S. M.)

### THE SABBATH WELCOME.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King himself comes near  
To feast his saints to-day ;  
Here may we sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where Jesus is within,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till it is call'd to soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

## HYMN 313.

(P. M.)

## MORNING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail this sacred day ;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay :  
Welcome the day that God hath blest,  
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of Life arose ;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes :  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannahs rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.

- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,  
 Ascend thy conqu'ring car;  
 While justice, truth, and love,  
 Maintain thy glorious war:  
 This day let sinners own thy sway,  
 And rebels cast their arms away.

## HYMN 314.

(L. M.)

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST DESIRED.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world be gone;  
 Let my religious hours alone:  
 From flesh and sense I would be free,  
 And hold communion, Lord with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire  
 To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
 And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,  
 When I can see thy glories shine,  
 I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
 And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
 To cheer me in this barren land;  
 And in thy temple let me know  
 The joys that from thy presence flow.

(P. M.)

## HYMN 315.

(C. M.)

DELIGHT IN THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
 Let young and old rejoice:  
 To him be vows and homage paid,  
 Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord:  
 How dreadful is this place!  
 With meekness let us hear his word  
 With rev'rence seek his face.

- 3 This ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> he requires ;  
     The voice of praise and prayer ;  
 The soul's affections, hopes, desires,  
     Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call  
     Propitious from the ~~skies~~ <sup>skies</sup>;  
 The Lord, the maker of them all,  
     Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleas'd through Jesus Christ his Son,  
     From sin he grants release ;  
 According to their faith 'tis done,  
     He bids them go in peace.

## HYMN 316.

(P. M.)

## SANCTIFICATION OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine  
     Demands the soul's collected powers ;  
 Gladly we now to thee resign  
     These solemn, consecrated hours :  
 O may our souls adoring own  
     The grace that calls us to thy throne !
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye  
     Can every secret thought explore ;  
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
     And, where thou art, intrude no more :  
 O may thy grace our spirits move,  
     And fix our minds on things above.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
     And bid thy word, with life divine,  
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart :  
     Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
 Then shall our souls adoring own  
     The grace that calls us to thy throne.

## HYMN 317.

(L. M.)

LORD'S DAY, MORNING.

- 1 MY opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of thy returning day ;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest ;  
Eternal King ! erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch, in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away ;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

## HYMN 318.

(C. M.)

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 SWEET day of rest, blest hallow'd hours,  
The gift of heavenly love,  
O may my heart with all its powers  
By fix'd on things above.
- 2 Devoutly to thy hallow'd courts  
May I with ardour press,  
And hear thy word and sing thy praise,  
And seek for promis'd rest.
- 3 Prostrate before thy presence there  
May I my sins confess,  
Nor quit the footstool of thy grace  
Till thou with pardon bless.

## HYMN 319.

(C. M.)

*Psalm xliii. 3.*

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quick'ning beams ;  
And yet how slow devotion burns ;  
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend,  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end :—
- 4 Where we shall breathe the heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine.
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,  
Shall all our powers employ ;  
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,  
And take our fill of joy.

## HYMN 320.

(7's.)

A DAY IN THE COURTS OF THE LORD.

- 1 TO thy temple I repair ;  
Lord, I love to worship there ;  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend ;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

## HYMN 321.

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(C. M.)

- 3 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
"I have walked with God to-day."

## HYMN 321.

(L. M.)

## THE CLOSE OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 ANOTHER day has pass'd along,  
And we are nearer to the tomb;  
Nearer to join the heavenly song,  
Or hear the last eternal doom.
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;  
For these blest hours, the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 3 The time how lovely and how still;  
Peace shines and smiles on all below;  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill  
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul  
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love:  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 5 Nor will our days of toil be long,  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

(7's.)

LORD.



## HYMN 322.

(L. M.)

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise :
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "I will be,"  
Amid this little company ;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word ;  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## HYMN 323.

(C. M.)

## SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see ;  
True penitence impart :  
Then let a kindling glance from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies :  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

## HYMN 324.

(C. M.)

*Sol. Song, iv. 16.*

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God,  
Once more his blessing ask ;  
Oh may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task !
- 2 Father thy quick'ning Spirit send,  
From heaven in Jesus' name,  
To make our waiting minds attend,  
Our souls anew to frame :—
- 3 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake ;  
Say to the south-wind, blow !  
Let every plant the power partake,  
And all the garden grow ;
- 4 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,  
The cold with warmth divine ;  
And as the benefit is ours,  
Be all the glory thine !

## HYMN 325.

(C. M.)

FOR A BLESSING ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord,  
But still how weak our faith is found,  
Our knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
Do our false hearts retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !  
How negligent our fear !  
How low our hopes of joys above !  
How few affections there !

- 4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation on our heart,  
And make us learn thy grace!
- 5 Shew our forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high!  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

## HYMN 326.

(L. M.)

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:—
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread;—
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear!
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day!

## HYMN 327.

(L. M.)

*Matt.* xviii. 20.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy seat;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.

HYMN 328.

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- 2 For thou within no walls confin'd,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The glories of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are weak but thou art near,  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;  
Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make the sinner's heart thine own.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen !

HYMN 328.

(L. M.)

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 Now may the gospel's conqu'ring power  
Be felt by all assembled here !  
So shall this prove a joyful hour :  
And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord ! let thy mighty voice be heard ;  
Speak in the Word, and speak with power ;  
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd,  
By those who never fear'd before.
- 3 Oh pity those who live in sin,  
And save them from the sinner's doom :  
Open the ark and take them in,  
And save them from the wrath to come !

- 4 So shall thy people joyful be ;  
The angels, too, will louder sing.  
And all ascribe the praise to Thee ;  
To Thee, the Everlasting King.

## HYMN 329.

(8, 7, 4.)

## BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed :  
Let each heart thy grace inherit ;  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may we all enjoy the blessing,  
Which thy word's design'd to give !  
Let us all thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive :  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live.

## HYMN 330.

(C. M.)

## AFTER SERMON.

- 1 AMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground ;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy ;  
But let it yield an hundredfold  
The fruits of peace and joy.

# HYMNS 331, 332.

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- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,  
That all whose souls thy truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.

## HYMN 331.

(L. M.)

AFTER SERMON.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! bless the word,  
Which through thy grace, we now have heard;  
O may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit!
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:  
Grant Lord! that we who worship here  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

## HYMN 332.

(8, 7, 4.)

ENDING SERVICE.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;—  
O refresh us,  
Trav'ling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;—  
May thy presence  
With us ever more be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal given  
Calls us from this earth away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day!

(8, 7, 4.)

(C. M.)

## HYMN 333.

(8, 7, 4.)

AFTER SERMON.

- 1 MAY the power that brings salvation,  
Still exerted in the word,  
By its quick'ning operation,  
Life impart and joy afford !  
Life to sinners ;—  
Joy to those who know the Lord.
- 2 Hark the voice of love, proclaiming  
Mercy through a Saviour's blood !  
Vain the schemes of human framing ;  
This alone is own'd of God,  
'Tis the Gospel  
Points to heaven, and shews the road.

## HYMN 334.

(L. M.)

DISMISSION.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word :  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And may thy Spirit in us live !
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Blot out our sins with Jesus' blood ;  
Each weary, contrite soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace !

~~~~~

 THE SICK.

—

HYMN 335.

(C. M.)

Psalm civ. 34.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet by faith to look above,
And long to fly away.

HYMN 336.

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(8, 7, 4.)

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down :
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his wise decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but His.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?
What to derive celestial bliss
Immediately from Thee ?

HYMN 336.

(P. M.)

(G. M.)

Psalms cxlviii. 14.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So, by my woes, to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

HYMN 337.

(C. M.)

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

- 1 MY GOD, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

HYMN 338.

27

- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.
- 3 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my eternal home.
- 4 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven to me.

HYMN 338.

(7. 6.)

Coloss. i. 19.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fullness dwells in him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is pour'd.

(C. M.)

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

HYMN 339.

(P. M.)

Matthew vi. 10.

- 1 MY GOD, my Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say—
 "Thy will be done."
- 2 If thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield thee what was thine—
 "Thy will be done!"
- 3 When if again I ne'er should see
 The friend more dear than life to me,
 Ere long we both shall be with thee
 "Thy will be done!"
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My father, still I strive to say—
 "Thy will be done!"
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
 My God, to thee I leave the rest,—
 "Thy will be done!"
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say—
 "Thy will be done!"
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing' upon a happier shore,—
 "Thy will be done!"

FOR THE SEA.

HYMN 340.

(L. M.)

ON SAILING.

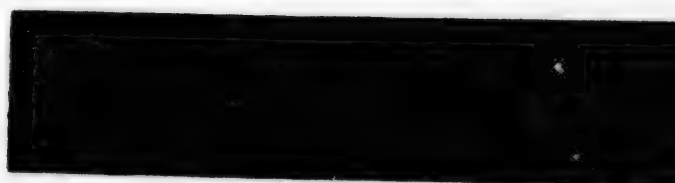
- 1 LORD, in thy name we spread the sail,
And ask from thee the prosp'rous gale;
And on our hearts where'er we go,
Oh, let thy spirit's wind but blow!
- 2 If on the morning's wings we fly,
We shall not pass beyond thine eye;
The wand'ers prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.
- 3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide us safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port we ride,
Oh, keep us safe at Jesus' side.
- 4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide us to the heavenly shore;
And grant our dust in Christ to sleep,
Far, or at home, or in the deep!

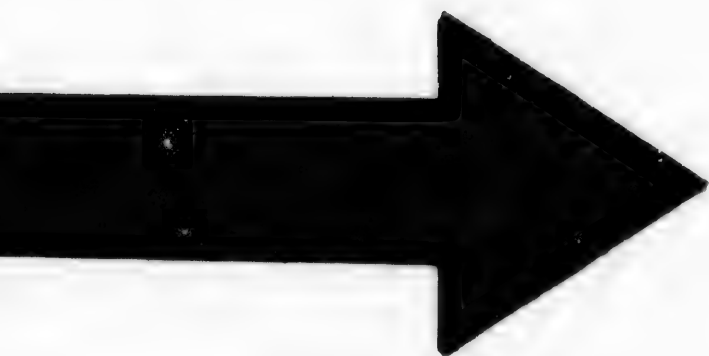
HYMN 341.

(P. M.)

"Save, Lord! or we perish."—*St. Matt. viii. 25.*

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or we
perish!"





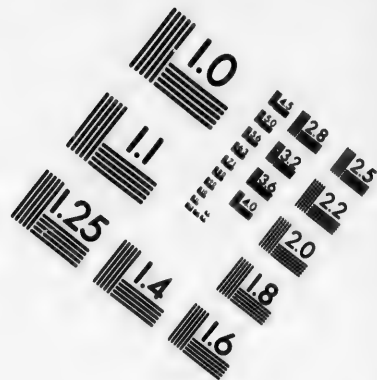
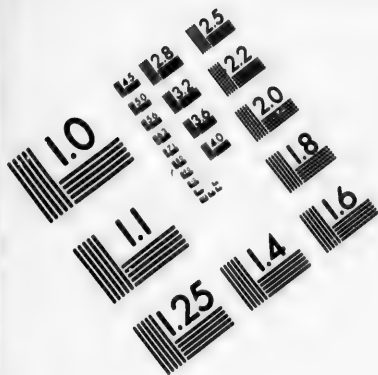
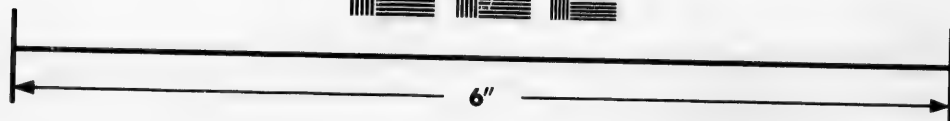
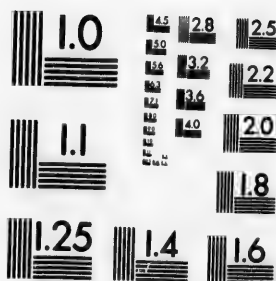


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- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
' Arous'd by the shriek of despair, from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we
perish."
- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we
perish."

HYMN 342.

(L. M.)

SEEKING PEACE.

- 1 I ASKED the Sea, when musing o'er
Its silent depths and boundless shore,
If on its waves I could not find
Some lasting comfort to my mind.
- 2 Or if with all its hidden store,
Of jewels, pearls and golden ore,
I could not purchase from above
That *peace* for which I vainly rove.
- 3 The ocean heard my useless cry,
And lifted up his hands on high,
Not on my waves can peace be found
Nor through my caverns traversed round.
- 4 I rise and fall at his command,
Who holds me in his powerful hand;
O never wilt thou comfort feel,
Until his word says, "*Peace, be still.*"

HYMN 343.

(L. M.)

"Then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

1 WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest,
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3 Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark,
Amid the howling wintry sea;
We are in port if we have thee.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake;
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HYMN 344.

(C. M.)

AT SEA OR LAND.

1 LORD! for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please:
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas!

- 4 When waves on waves to heaven uprear'd
 Defied the pilot's art;
 When terror in each face appear'd,
 And sorrow in each heart;
- 5 To thee I rais'd my humble prayer,
 To snatch me from the grave:
 I found thine ear not slow to hear,
 Nor short thine arm to save!
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
 The storms obey'd thy will,
 The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
 And every wave was still:
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,
 A life of praise shall be;
 And death, when death shall be my fate,
 Shall join my soul to thee.



FOR SUNDAY AND OTHER SCHOOLS.

HYMN 345.

(C. M.)

A BLESSING INVOKED.

- 1 MERCY, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads;
 O may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name
 And their creator love.
- 3 Delightful work, young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek their saviour's face,

HYMNS 346, 347.

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- 4 Almighty God ! thine influence shed
To aid this blest design ;
The honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 346.

(7's)

PRAISE FROM CHILDREN.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost ;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

HYMN 347.

(P. M.)

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

Children.

- 1 COME let our voices join,
In one glad song of praise ;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise :

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs :
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

- 2 Now we are taught to read,
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine :

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wand'ring feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught :

Congregation.

To God alone your off'rings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

- 4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give.

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone the praise belongs.

Both.

- 5 Lord bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless;
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 348.

(S. M.)

FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found:
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things :
Here, though the proud despise,
 The children of the King of kings
 Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught
 From glory be cast down,
 But all through faith and patience brought
 To an immortal crown.

HYMN 349.

(L. M.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of hundreds uttering sweet
 The inward joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away ;
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hail'd the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
 Some in our number, mark'd to fall ;
 Be young and old prepar'd alike,
 The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours,
 This day we ne'er again shall see,
 Lord God awaken all our powers,
 To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand,
 On thee for all things we rely ;
 Assur'd while in thy grace we stand,
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our falling ranks renew ;
 Send children, teachers, in our place,
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like thy Son, from race to race.

(S. M.)

HYMN 350.

(P. M.)

DISMISSION.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more !
Oh ! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh ! that will be joyful !
When we meet to part no more !

2 All who love the Lord below
When they die to heaven shall go,
And dwell with saints above.

CHORUS.

3 Little children will go there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday School.

CHORUS.

4 Teachers too shall meet above,
And our Pastors whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

CHORUS.

5 Oh ! how happy we shall be,
For our saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne !

CHORUS.

6 Then we all shall sing with joy,
And Eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord !
Oh ! that will be joyful, &c.

HYMN 351.

(7's.)

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

1 CHILDREN once were heard to sing,
When so many silent were ;
When they welcom'd Israel's King,
And Hosannas fill'd the air.

HYMN 352.

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(P. M.)

2 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,
If we try our song to raise!
Children we, like those of old,
Taught like them to lisp thy praise.

3 Jesus, hail! we sing to thee,
Welcome to thine House of Prayer;
Let our hearts thy temple be!
Lord, set up thy kingdom there!

4 Make us wise, thy name to know,
Let us feel thy power and love,
Ours to serve thee here below,
And to dwell with thee above.

HYMN 352.

(L. M.)

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN, FOR DIVINE INSTRUCTION.

1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save us for thy mercy's sake.

2 Lord, by the guidance of thy hand
We now within thy house appear.
And in thy awful presence stand
To hear thy Word, and join in prayer

3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction we receive
With fruits of righteousness abound:
Oh let us to thy glory live!

4 While in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide:
That we, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

5 To read thy Word, our hearts incline;
To understand it, life impart:
O Saviour! let us all be thine!
Take full possession of each heart.

(7's.)

HYMN 353.

(7^e)

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

Teachers.

CHILDREN, can you tell us why,
Jesus came from heaven to die?

Children.

Teachers, yes; for us he came—
Oh! how precious is his name.

Teachers.

Children, have you learnt to know,
What return to him you owe?

Children.

Teachers, we our hearts must give,
Love, obey him while we live.

Teachers.

Children, will he you receive,
If you on his name believe?

Children.

Teachers, boundless is his grace,
If we early seek his face.

Teachers.

Children, ask his mercy now.

Children.

Saviour! teach our hearts to bow:

Both.

Hear, oh hear us, Lamb Divine!
Make us all for ever thine!

HYMN 354.

(C. M.)

A MORNING SONG.

1 MY GOD who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies!

(7's)

- 2 When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
Go on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord ! thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

HYMN 355.

(8. 7. 4.)

CHILDREN EXHORTED.

- 1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory ;
Shall he plead with you in vain !
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight ;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight ;
Seek his favour,
And your hearts to him unite.
- 3 All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive ;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe ;
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive.

HYMN 356.

(L. M.)

FOR SCHOOLS.

- 1 GREAT God, thy power what tongue can tell ?
What force thy sovereign word withstand ?
Yet thou dost stoop with men to dwell,
And give thy blessings through their hand.

(C. M.)

- 2 'Tis ours to feed these lambs of thine
And train their footsteps on to heaven :
We hail with joy the charge divine,
And freely give as thou hast given.
- 3 O fount of love, all-gracious God !
What can we offer but thine own :
For we are thine, redeem'd with blood—
The precious blood of Christ thy Son.
- 4 On these, on us, thy grace bestow,
The contrite heart, the lowly mind,
The love of God in Christ to know,
The wisdom from above to find !

HYMN 357.

(C. M.)

TO BE SUNG BY THE ORPHANS.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need !
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.
- 2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help ?
To whom direct our prayer ?
- 3 To Thee we flee—to thee we pray ;
Thou shalt our father be ;
More than the fondest parent's care,
We find, O Lord in thee !
- 4 Already thou hast heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears :
Thy mercy has a refuge found,
To guard our helpless years.

HYMN 358.

(C. M.)

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Way should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?

- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell.
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word;
And I will come with cheerful feet
To learn thy will O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray;
And so prepare for heaven;
Oh may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

(C. M.)

HYMN 359.

(L. M.)

FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

- 1 LORD how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy Word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

(C. M.)

HYMN 360.

(C. M.)

EVENING SONG FOR CHILDREN.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste
 My sins how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past
 And strength for years to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Let angels guard my head ;
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And, in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.

HYMN 361.

(C. M.)

PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

- 1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see !
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more ;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children, in the street,
 Half naked I behold ;
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold !
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

- 6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
 To me above the rest?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

HYMN 362.

(L. M.)

SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON GOD AND DEATH.

- 1 THERE is a God that reigns above,
 Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas;
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ
 To teach us all what we must do;
 My soul to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true,
- 3 There is a Gospel of rich grace,
 Whence sinners all their comfort draw;
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law,
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor can I tell how soon t'will come;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies;
 So man departs to heaven or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

HYMN 363.

(C. M.)

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in council to restore
 And save our ruin'd race.

- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power Divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sovereign voice,
Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face;
And, with the blest assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace!

HYMN 364.

(7's.)

HOLY BIBLE.

- 1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came:
Mine, to teach me what I am.

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
 Mine art thou to guide my feet,
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom ;
 O thou precious book divine !
 Holy Bible ! thou art mine !

HYMN 365.

(S. M.)

FOR SINCERITY.

- 1 I OFTEN say my prayers,
 But do I ever pray ?
 Or do the wishes of my heart
 Suggest the words I say ?
- 2 I may as well kneel down
 And worship gods of stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart
 The Lord will never hear ;
 Nor will he ever those regard
 Whose prayers are insincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me how to pray,
 And what to ask of thee,
 That when I'm kneeling in thy sight
 I may not thoughtless be.
- 5 Teach me to pray in faith,
 Relying on thy word,
 That when I pray in Jesus' name
 I always shall be heard.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 366.

(C. M.)

Ye have done it unto me. *Matt. xxv. 40.*

- 1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine.
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess,
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them may'st thou be clòth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

HYMN 367.

(C. M.)

The good Samaritan. *Luke x. 30, 37.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in other's joy,
And weep for others woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our heart, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

HYMNS 368, 369.

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- 4 On dying men so Jesus look'd
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 And, when he saw their lost estate,
 Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
 On wings of mercy flew,
 We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd
 Should love each other too.

HYMN 368.

(8. 7.)

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS. *Deut. xxiv. 19, 21.*

- 1 "WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
 To the poor belongs the treasure
 Of the scatter'd ears behind—
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 2 "When thine olive-plants increasing,
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain;
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
 But search not the boughs again—
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 3 "When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene;
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
 But thy vines the poor shall glean—
 So thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless."

HYMN 369.

(C. M.)

- To do good forget not. *Heb. xiii. 16.*
- 1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love!
 To thee our souls we raise;
 And to thy sovereign bounty rear
 A monument of praise.

- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,
 With many a cheering ray :
 Kindly restrains each rising grief,
 Or wipes the tears away.
- 3 When sunk in guilt, our souls drew nigh
 The borders of despair,
 Grace interpos'd ; thy blood proclaim'd
 A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
 For all the grace we see ?
 Alas ! the goodness worms can yield,
 Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
 Our cheerful feet repair ;
 And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
 Relieve the mourners there.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
 The orphan shall be glad ;
 The hung'ring soul, we'll gladly point
 To Christ the living bread.

HYMN 370.

(C. M.)

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Is never rais'd in vain :
- 2 Whose breast responds with gen'rous warmth,
 A stranger's woe to feel ;
 Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow ;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

HYMNS 371, 372.

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- 4 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 371.

(L. M.)

Freely ye have received, freely give. *Matt. x. 8.*

- 1 **HELP** us, O Lord ! thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will ;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfil.
- 2 Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap ;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hands shall heap.
- 3 Teach us, with glad and cheerful hearts,
As thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.
- 4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live :
Freely we have receiv'd from thee ;
Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
Oh ! may we find it, gracious Lord !
More bless'd to give than to receive.

HYMN 372.

(C. M.)

Mark xii. 42.

- 1 **RICH** are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite, my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 373.

(L. M.)

Walk in love. *Eph. v. 2.*

- 1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirit shall rejoice;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.
- 2 Since he regards our low estate,
And hears his handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 The poor are his peculiar care,
To them his promises are sure;
His gifts "the poor in spirit" share;
O may we always thus be poor!
- 4 God of our hope, to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow Thou,
The Father of the fatherless.
- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst thou not give thy Son to die
For our transgressions, in our stead?
And can thy goodness aught deny
To those for whom thy Son hath bled?

HYMN 374.

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- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever firm and free ;
At thy right hand may we be one,
One with each other, and with thee.

HYMN 347.

(P. M.)

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

(L. M.)

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams ;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 375.

(8. 7.)

FAST DAY. *Dan.* ix. 19.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface ;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 376.

(C. M.)

FAST DAY.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord ! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend !
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !

HYMN 377.

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4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should disease or foes invade
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 377.

(L. M.)

PUBLIC MERCIES AND DELIVERANCES.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe!

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring,
To thee our Saviour, and our King.

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

HYMN 378.

(7's.)

Allelulia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Rev. xix. 6.

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee ;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah !—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword. He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away ;
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 379.

(L. M.)

PRAY FOR US. 2 *Thess. iii. 1.*

- 1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith each bosom glow.

HYMN 380.

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- (7's.)
 reigneth.
 Rev. xix. 6.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear,
 E'en now unfolds the promis'd year ;
 Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes, and frozen plains,
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
 Oh ! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm and clear their view.
- 4 When worn by toil their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail ;
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge in faith their way.
- 5 O Lord ! amid this gloomy night,
 Appear to bless our aching sight ;
 Turn Thou our darkness into day ;
 Let every nation own thy sway.

HYMN 380.

(8. 7.)

Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.

Mark x. 28.

- (L. M.)
- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Destitute, despis'd, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me-
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.
- 2 Man, may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- w,
 w.

- 3 Think, my soul, who dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smiles are thine ;
 What a Saviour died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.

HYMN 381.

(C. M.)

2 *Tim.* i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross ;
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 'Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 382.

(C. M.)

Increase our faith, *Luke* xvii. 5.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by many a foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of poverty or woe ;

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain
 Can lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last spark is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up the dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this ;
 And then, whate'er may come,
 I taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

HYMN 383.

(L. M.)

Ephes. ii. 8, 9.

- 1 NOT by the laws of innocence,
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;
 New works can give us no pretence,
 To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
 Can make a wounded conscience whole,
 Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd ;
 I mourn for sin and trust the Lord,
 To have it pardoned and subdued.
- 4 Oh, may thy grace its power display,
 Let guilt and death no longer reign
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 384.

(C. M.)

THE MESSIAH'S COMING AND KINGDOM.

- 1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN 385.

(7's.)

Is. xxi. 11, 12.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends;
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn,
 Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home;
 Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the son of God is come!

HYMN 386.

(P. M.)

Is. lxiii. 4.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mournful souls, be glad.
 The year of Jubilee is come, &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.
 The year of Jubilee is come, &c.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

HYMN 387.

(8, 7.)

John viii. 32.

- 1 PRAISE we Him by whose kind favour
 Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears;
 May its sweet reviving savour
 Fill our hearts and chase our fears!—

Truth—How sacred is the treasure !
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know !
 Vain's the hope and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.

- 2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
 Lord, to every heart apply !
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy !
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour, guide us with thine eye !
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

HYMN 388.

(P. M.)

1 *Thess. i. v.*

- 1 OF thy love some gracious token
 Grant us, Lord, before we go !
 Bless thy word which has been spoken,
 Life and peace on all bestow !
 When we join the world again,
 Let our hearts with thee remain :
 O direct us and protect us,
 Till we gain the heavenly shore,
 Where thy people want no more.

HYMN 389.

(L. M.)

Psalms xxxiv. 3.

- 1 CHRISTIAN Brethren, ere we part,
 Join every hand and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God to raise,
 One final song of grateful praise !
- 2 Christians ! we here may meet no more ;—
 But there is yet a happier shore ;
 And there releas'd from toil and pain,
 There, Brethren, we shall meet again.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

(C. M.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

2

(L. M.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3

(L. M.)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4

(S. M.)

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

5

(7's.)

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One !
Glory, as of old, to thee
Now, and evermore shall be!

6

(7's.)

(6 LINES.)

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

7

(7's. D.)

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Ever be thy name ador'd,
Thee to laud in hymns divine,
Saints above and angels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise,
With adoring rapture cry,
Glory be to God most high.

8

(7, 6.)

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

9

(8, 7.)

Praise the Father, earth, and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

10

(8, 7, 4.)

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

11

(11's.)

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd
 With Christ and the Spirit one God ever bless'd,
 All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

12

(L. M.)

(6 LINES.)

As Psalm cxiii.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory; as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

13

(C. M. D.)

To God our benefactor bring,
 The tribute of your praise,
 Too small for an Almighty King,
 But all that we can raise.
 Glory to thee, blest Three in One,
 The God whom we adore,
 As was, and is, and shall be done,
 When time shall be no more.

14

(P. M.)

As Psalm cxlviii.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever bless'd
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be address'd ;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

15

(P. M.)

As Psalm cxlix.

By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd
 To God in Three persons,
 One God ever bless'd ;
 As it has been, now is,
 And ever shall be.

~~~~~  
*Gloria in Excelsis.*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesu Christ ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy ; Thou only art the Lord ; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.—*Amen.*

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